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David Brown

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J A W S 2

Final Draft Screenplay

by

CARL GOTTLIEB

Based on a Story

by

HOWARD SACKLER & DOROTHY TRISTAN

ar #02102

JAWS 2

FADE IN

1 UNDERWATER - DAY 1

Dramatically lit by sunlight filtering down from the surface. A dim shape, massive, threatening, swims towards us from the distance. Then it divides -- what was one is two, and the shape becomes reality; two divers in Scuba gear swimming side by side. They are wearing minimal rubber, considering the cool New England waters: Farmer John wetsuits with cut-off legs, assorted sport-diving paraphernalia, including an expensive camera with a flash attachment.

One motions "Down there," the other signals "OK, I see it," and they dive deeper, into darker waters, where the shafts of sunlight pour into the depths, broken up by seaweed and floating vegetation into cathedral-like columns of illumination.

2 SEA BOTTOM - DAY 2

The wreck of the working fisherman's boat "ORCA," formerly under the command of the late Captain Quint, deceased these four years.

Buried in the sand near it, still connected by rusting strands of cable, the mangled remains of a shark cage, glimmering with stainless steel highlights. A fitful flash of yellow from under a mossy beard -- a battered barrel, similarly tangled.

The divers, Bert and Ernie, appear. They're fascinated by the find, and Bert, with the camera, snaps a few flash shots. The rapid sequence of flashes signals the presence of a motor drive camera.

2-A ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW 2-A

Distant flashes, obscured by vegetation in the foreground.

3 SEA BOTTOM, THE ORCA 3

Ernie is exploring the abandoned cabin; doors open and shut, moved by invisible currents stirred by his passage.

An occasional "Flash!" lights up the bottom as Bert continues snapping away souvenir shots of this local landmark.

3-A BERT'S POINT OF VIEW - CAMERA VIEWFINDER (PROCESS) 3-

Ernie floats up out of a hatch, sees the camera, and strikes a pose, clowning for the photographer's benefit. A big hand, f.g., motions him up into clear water for a formal portrait. He obliges. Now he floats in front of us, gently kicking his flippers to maintain vertical stability. One flash. Another. Then a large, dim movement in the b.g.

Something's out there, moving towards us.

Flash. It's bigger, bearing down like a train in a tunnel. Flash! It's on us. Flash! Teeth? Blood? Flash! Blackness, Death.

3-B OCEAN BOTTOM, INSERT 3

The camera floats gently down and settles in the sand. A dark red mist eddies by. A last weak flash.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

4 EXT. OCEAN - SUNDOWN 4

Flash! An expensive cabin cruiser, the "Diver Working" flag fluttering limply in the breeze, is riding alone at anchor. Flash! A distant lighthouse beacon winks at us. The boat rocks in the ceaseless swell.

On the stern, "Elizabeth T. - Newport, R.I." A long way from home....

DISSOLVE TO

5 EXT. AMITY BEACH - DAY 5

A blue-and-white police jeep is bouncing over the sand. A figure in civilian clothes driving alone on some urgent mission. It's Martin Brody, Chief of Police on Amity.

The jeep slews to a stop, and he takes a flight of stairs leading to a concrete patio two at a time. A classical trumpet solo is playing in the background. Brody charges through a door, then abruptly slows and starts moving warily through a hotel interior: The Holidome, a three-story extravaganza of a motel, where some sort of formal ceremony is already in progress. A banner announces: "Grand Opening Ball -- Amity Scholarship Fund Benefit." Brody crosses under a High School band, arranged dance-band style on a balcony; the trumpet player, Polo, is finishing his solo, the assembled crowd applauds politely. Brody is taking his place with some dignitaries on the dais, as the presiding authority, Amity Mayor Larry Vaughn, begins speaking.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED 5

VAUGHN
Thank you, Paul Lohman, for that eloquent solo. Now, for that point in the ceremonies where we formally dedicate this magnificent resort-hotel complex, a worthwhile addition to the recreational paradise we call Amity.

6 ANGLE ON THE DAIS 6

Seated on folding chairs, wearing their good suits, several of Amity's Selectmen, Real Estate Developer Len Peterson, and Ellen Brody, very chic. Brody slips into the vacant chair next to her. The following is conducted in urgent whispers, sotto voce, while Vaughn drones on.

ELLEN
Where the hell were you?

BRODY
Late.

ELLEN
I can see that. Don't you know this is a big deal?

BRODY
Couldn't help it. Hendricks over there...
(he indicates his deputy)
...still has the keys to the jeep in his pocket, and I couldn't find the spares.

ELLEN
Terrific. Act as if you've been here all along.

BRODY
How'm I supposed to do that?

ELLEN
Look bored.

VAUGHN
(droning along)
Holiday Inn joins the Amity Shores development condominium complex in a welcome expression of renewed interest in Amity Island as the hub of the Northeast Recreational Vacation Wonderland. We're happy once again to be in the center of things, where the action is...We've had our share of hard times and long winters and the past few years have not been easy. But today, the sun is rising on a new Amity, a new island filled with promise.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED 6

VAUGHN (Cont'd)
(applause)
New homes make new neighbors and Len Peterson's Amity Shores Development is an exciting addition to our island. The Holiday Inn we stand in is likewise a new friend who we welcome as family. Amity means 'friendship' and our community extends its friendship to all who seek her shores in peace and harmony.
(applause)

Brody settles into polite attentiveness, acknowledging a wave from Hendricks, a politely bland young town cop in his idea of civilian finery. Hendricks is fussing with the banner on an attractive young lady in a bathing suit....

7 ANGLE ON VAUGHN 7

VAUGHN
...And now, Tina Wilcox, this year's Miss Amity, will cut the ribbon that officially opens this luxurious new hotel....

Tina (the girl in the bathing suit) escapes Hendrick's attentions, and teeters on high heels towards the ribbon, while Phil Fogarty, the local ~~photographer~~, snaps away.

VAUGHN
Tina was selected from more than 20 of this island's lovely young ladies in the Miss Amity competition held every spring, and she'll represent Amity Island in the Miss Massachusetts Competition in Worcester next month. When she cuts this ribbon, she will be opening our island to growth, to development, to planned expansion with full employment for our thriving community.

8 ANGLE ON THE BAND 8

Paul Lohman ("Polo" to his friends) is exchanging whispers with Lucy, a flute player nearby.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED 8

LUCY
I don't think she's such hot stuff.

POLO
When are we going out? You and me?

LUCY
Not tonight.

POLO
You going with Patrick.

Lucy nods, Polo shrugs, and turns to Jane, a girl nearby.

POLO
Listen, Jane -- you want to dance as soon as we get out of these monkey suits?

She nods happily, they whisper together, while we:

CUT TO

9 ANGLE ON DAIS 9

Martin and Ellen have been joined by their youngest son, Sean.

SEAN
Mom, Michael won't talk to me.

BRODY
(to Ellen)
Shouldn't he be at home?

ELLEN
Mrs. Silvera couldn't come.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

VAUGHN
This money tree, you may have noticed, is made entirely of twenty-dollar bills, donated by Len Peterson, the builder of Amity Shores Condominiums, as a gesture of goodwill towards the community. $500 as a special gift to the Amity township scholarship fund....

Applause from the crowd, Len takes a bow.

VAUGHN
(prompting)
Go ahead, Tina.

10 ANGLE ON TINA

as she reaches out with the scissors. Something catches her eye, and she winks at her boyfriend, Ed Marchand, smirking in the crowd. He winks back, and makes "Cut it" motions with his fingers.

11 ANGLE ON THE CEREMONY

Tina cuts the ribbon, and Tom Andrews, a local diver, pushes a decorated float out into the pool; sparklers sputter, balloons drop from the ceiling.

VAUGHN
Thanks to Tom Andrews, of Amity Aqua-Sports, for contributing the special decorations. And now, the Amity High School band. Refreshments on the patio, everyone....

The band swings into "Downtown," and the crowd gets up to dance, to eat, and to break into small groups to talk.

DISSOLVE TO

11-A INT. HOLIDOME - LATER

Ellen is dragging Brody over to where Len Peterson and Larry Vaughn, the mayor, are in conversation. They pass vignettes: Tina and Ed, Tom Andrews and Jane, Marge, other interesting Amity townspeople.

BRODY
(seeing Peterson and Vaughn)
Do I have to talk to those two?

CONTINUED

11-A CONTINUED

ELLEN
My boss and your boss. Sure.

VAUGHN
Hello, hello. It went well, I thought.

BRODY
Very impressive ceremony. Good speech.

VAUGHN
Thank you, thank you. You know my son, don't you?

He beckons over their heads to Larry Vaughn, Jr., a young man uncomfortable in his correct tie and blazer. They exchange perfunctory greetings.

PETERSON
The speech was right on the money.
(to Ellen)
Be a love and make sure the bar's open, will you?

He puts his arm around her, a little too familiarly for Brody's liking.

PETERSON
(to Brody)
Fantastic lady. Don't know what I'd do without her.

BRODY
Me neither.

PETERSON
(looking around)
Y'know, Brody -- for the first time in years it's worth putting money into this town.

BRODY
All of us thank you, okay?

ELLEN
Watch Sean for a minute?

And she hands Sean off to Brody, leaving him with an overactive 10 year old, while she's gone.

SEAN
Can I go swimming?

11-A CONTINUED - 2

BRODY
No. Find your brother, okay?

Sean nods and runs off, happy to have a mission.

CUT TO

12 ANGLE ON MICHAEL BRODY - NEAR THE BAND

He is talking to Brooke Peters, a mop-maned teen-ager with a pleasant face.

Timmy Weldon, a grade behind, lurks nearby. A plumpish, curly-haired buddy, Andy Nicholas, is enjoying a cup of punch.

MIKE
How old is your cousin?

BROOKE
Seventeen. She's a senior.

MIKE
I'm not crazy about blind dates.

ANDY
They're okay, if they got little white canes and tin cups.

BROOKE
That's awful.

ANDY
What the hell.
(to Mike)
Did your mom put all this together?

MIKE
Yeah, it's her job.

ANDY
Is she responsible for the punch?

MIKE
No.

ANDY
Good. It's terrible.

BROOKE
My cousin will be here tomorrow.

MIKE
Great.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

Sean finds them, and bursts into their group.

SEAN
Michael, Michael, dad said to find you.

ANDY
Okay, you did that.

SEAN
Come on, Mikey, come on....

He tugs at Mike's sleeve; Mike allows himself to be dragged off.

MIKE
Okay, okay. Got to go.

Andy and Brooke are left standing together, Tim moves in.

TIM
(to Brooke)
Want to dance?
(she shakes her head "no")
Okay. Later?

On her shrug, as she turns to Andy:

CUT TO

13 INT./EXT. HOLIDOME PATIO/TERRACE - NIGHT

It's later; night has fallen, the band is playing its version of "When I Fall in Love." Many teen-agers are dancing out on the patio, some adults are dancing inside, the buffet is ravaged, Timmy is watching Brooke, who's dancing with Polo. Douglas Fetterman ("Doug") joins him, after asking Marge for a dance and striking out.

DOUG
Get a dance yet?

TIMMY
Nope.

DOUG
Me neither.

TIMMY
Who'd you ask?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

DOUG
Tina Wilcox.

TIMMY
You're crazy. She's Ed's girl friend.

DOUG
Doesn't hurt to ask. Sometimes the most beautiful girls are the loneliest.

TIMMY
That's a crock of shit.

DOUG
I know.

Bob Burnside, a tall pal of Larry Vaughn Jr.'s, turns up by their side.

BOB
Same tired old faces. You see Vaughn?

DOUG
The mayor?

BOB
Larry Vaughn Junior?
(Doug shrugs)
If you see him, tell him I got a six-pack, a blanket, and the Brebner twins.

He exits, on the prowl.

TIMMY
No class.

DOUG
None at all.
(pause)
I wonder what the Brebner twins are doing tomorrow night.

14 ANGLE ON BRODY AND ELLEN

BRODY
Can you take a little time out from your busy schedule to dance with the old man?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

ELLEN
Why?

BRODY
Because they're playing our song.

And sure enough, they are -- the band has turned to a Fifties slow-dance standard: "I Wish You Love." Peterson approaches

PETERSON
May I have this dance?

BRODY
Sorry, I'm all booked up...
(taking Ellen)
Come, m'dear....

They slowly fox trot out onto the terrace. Both of them nodding greetings to townspeople and kids -- everyone knows the chief.

BRODY
Remember 1959, the Jersey shore?

ELLEN
And how. I thought you wouldn't respect me.

BRODY
I did, I did.

The music and the summer moon are working their magic.

BRODY
Listen -- what are you doing later?

ELLEN
Fooling around?

BRODY
Right.

He dips with her; they look up and notice Sean, sound asleep on a bench.

ELLEN
Let's get the kid home.

BRODY
Home it is.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED - 2

He crosses to the sleepy Sean and hoists him with a grunt.

BRODY
(to the kid)
You're getting a little big for this.

Sean murmurs sleepily and hugs his dad. Mike, dancing with Marge, waves good-bye. The Brodys start to leave, passing a bucket with a bottle of champagne still in it. They exchange a look, nod agreement, and Brody boosts the bottle, sneaking it out of the building while Ellen giggles.

DISSOLVE TO

15 INT. BRODY BEDROOM - DAY

Brody and Ellen are snuggling under the covers while early-morning light streams under the blinds. It's The Morning After, and the clothes from the night before are scattered all over the room. Brody rolls against Ellen, spoon-fashion, morning-horny.

BRODY
Mmmm.

ELLEN
MMMmmmorning....

They start to move a little, then turn face to face. Outside their door, the sounds of little feet; Sean padding downstairs

BRODY
Sean's awake.

ELLEN
Door's locked.

BRODY
(kissing)
Good.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

Their bodies move under the blankets. There's a crash from the kitchen. They stop for a beat. As they resume, little feet return.

SEAN'S VOICE
The milk fell out of the 'frigerator.

ELLEN
(whispering)
Put a towel down. And shh -- Daddy's sleeping.

SEAN'S VOICE
Okay.

His feet paddle off. Brody and Ellen start to slide together, passion resumes.

ELLEN
C'mere....

Bigger feet go downstairs; Michael's up. The Brodys kiss, trying to ignore the sounds of spirited discussion between brothers over who's responsible for spilled milk. Then the sound of a car pulling into the driveway, and a horn beep.

BRODY
Mrs. Silvera?

ELLEN
Mrs. Silvera.

They try to kiss again, there's a door slam downstairs, and talk between the boys and Mrs. Silvera. The Brodys look at each other and break up, laughing at the morning, and themselves.

16 ANGLE ON THE BED

As Ellen and Brody, with the practice of 18 years of marriage, swing back-to-back, and put their feet on the floor, each on their side of the bed, still chuckling, up for the day.

BRODY
Need a ride?

ELLEN
As far as the office.

CUT TO

17 EXT. AMITY STREET - DAY

The police jeep is driving through the picturesque streets, Brody behind the wheel, Ellen and Sean passengers. It slows near the foot of the street, dockside, where a real estate office marked "Amity Shores Development, Leonard Peterson, Pres." sits. Peterson's big Cadillac is parked illegally at the curb. It has the Amity Shores logo on its side.

BRODY
Some people.

SEAN
What's daddy doing?

ELLEN
Writing a ticket.

Brody is out of the car, his pad in his hand.

ELLEN
Hey! That's my boss!

BRODY
Better yet.

Peterson, in shirt-sleeves and a tie, bustles out of the office

PETERSON
Wait a minute....

BRODY
Too late, it's written.

PETERSON
Heck of a way to treat a taxpayer.
(to Ellen)
Don't you have any pull with the chief, here?

ELLEN
Do I have to?

PETERSON
(taking the ticket)
Better get a sales kit together for after lunch. I'm taking some prospects out.

Ellen kisses Brody, and starts in for her day's work.

ELLEN
See you later.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED
NA

PETERSON
(to Brody)
Can't we fix it up to get this made into a green zone or something?

BRODY
Len, pay the two dollars.

Peterson shrugs and goes inside his office. Brody's attention is drawn by some noise by the dock.

18 EXT. DOCKSIDE, AMITY - DAY
NA

Hendricks and an old codger, Red, are working on Amity's newest bit of police equipment; a blue power launch for patrolling local waters. The boat is Hendricks' personal pride and joy.

HENDRICKS
(to Red)
Tie it off on your left. Your other left!

As Red complies, Hendricks spots his boss.

HENDRICKS
Good morning!

BRODY
(walking onto the dock, Sean tagging along)
Aren't you off-duty?

HENDRICKS
Till noon. This is on my own time.
(to Sean)
Hi, Shorty.

SEAN
I'm not short. I'm eleven.

There's a hoot from a passing boat horn. Sean waves happily.

19 ANGLE ON THE BOAT
NA

It has slowed to a halt in front of the police berth; it's a scruffy working fisherman, back from the banks with a full load. The Skipper hails Brody.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED
NA

SKIPPER
Yo! Chief!

BRODY
What?

SKIPPER
You got a gold-plater drifting in the main channel. Big cruiser.

HENDRICKS
Whereabouts?

SKIPPER
Off the Point. No running lights, just a diver's flag.

HENDRICKS
(aside to Brody)
Want me to run out there?

BRODY
On your own time?

HENDRICKS
Happy to do it.

BRODY
Then check it out. I'll be in the office.

Hendricks nods, and starts the engine importantly.

HENDRICKS
Cast off your bow line. And your stern line. Spring line....

While Red grumbles, Brody and Sean are walking up to the store. Michael and some teen-agers are headed down to the dock.

20 ANGLE ON BRODY AND THE KIDS
NA

It's Mike, Polo, Patrick, Lucy, Brooke, Ed and Tina.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED
NA

BRODY
Where to?

MIKE
No place special. Just hanging out.

BRODY
Sailing?

Mike nods.

BRODY
Watch your kid brother, huh?

He gets into his jeep, leaving Sean with the teen-agers.

BROOKE
Bye, Mr. Brody.

The others ad lib appropriate greetings/good-byes, as Brody drives off in his jeep.

21 EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY

Mike is not happy at having to baby-sit his kid brother.

MIKE
You're only here for a few minutes. Then we're going out.

SEAN
Can I go too?

MIKE
No.

SEAN
Please?

Tina intervenes.

TINA
He can go with me if he wants....

SEAN
Yay!

MIKE
No.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

SEAN
No yay?

MIKE
No yay. Boo.

TINA
Boo, Big Brother.
(to Sean)
Come on, kiddo, you can at least help me.

Sean helps Tina and Ed get "Tina's Joy" ready for sea. Polo is next to Lucy on the dock while Patrick is in his Sol Cat.

21-AA ANGLE ON POLO AND LUCY 21

POLO
Want to sail to the lighthouse?

LUCY
Sure.

POLO
With me?

LUCY
I'm still going steady with Patrick.

POLO
I thought that was just last night.

LUCY
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow, days without end. Bye now.

She jumps down to join Patrick, leaving Polo alone with Brooke on the dock.

POLO
I thought she left convent school.

BROOKE
She did. That's why she's seeing more guys.

POLO
Want to go out to the lighthouse?

BROOKE
I got something going already.

Polo shrugs, and ambles down the dock. Brooke joins Mike.

21-BB BROOKE AND MIKE

BROOKE
Are you going to meet my cousin?

MIKE
Okay, okay, I'll meet her.

Sean joins them.

SEAN
Ed and Tina don't need me any more. Can I be your crew?

MIKE
I don't need you. I've got Andy.

Andy can be seen ambling down the dock towards them. He's in a bathing suit, carrying some scuba gear from an earlier diving class. Marge and Denise, two other divers, are with him, with their gear. They all ad lib greetings. Polo, the frustrated make-out artist, homes in on the girls while Andy and Mike exchange pleasantries.

MIKE
How was dive class?

ANDY
Same as always -- glub, stroke, bubble, and choke.

MIKE
Find anything today?

ANDY
Nothing. Nada.

BROOKE
No shells? No lobsters?

ANDY
Only garbage. And a '48 Hudson, if you're into restoring old, wet cars.

MIKE
I got enough problems with my boat. Come on.

Andy and Brooke join him in the "Green Machine," a green catamaran. Sean jumps up and down in frustration on the dock.

CONTINUED

21-BB CONTINUED 21

SEAN
Do I have to go play with the little kids?

MIKE
Yeah. Go on, now.

ANDY
(to Sean)
Go pick on someone your own size.

SEAN
I hope your nose falls off!

And with that parting shot, he mopes away from the happy crowd of kids and boats on the dock.

21-A FOLLOW SEAN OFF THE DOCK
NA

Up on the street, where a pretty girl with a sexy face and a provocative post-pubescent walk is asking him directions. He points down at the dock. The girl, Jackie Peters, waves at her cousin, Brooke.

JACKIE
Brooke! Hey!

One of the boats has a portable radio going. It's playing some medium-hot salsa. Jackie does a couple of dance steps on her way down the dock.

21-B CLOSE ON ANDY AND MIKE
NA

ANDY
Who's that? Quick -- I'm in love.

MIKE
I hope that's the cousin.

BROOKE
Over here. I want you to meet somebody.

ANDY
Lucky. Lucky, lucky, lucky.

As the four teen-agers come together in a tight quartet, the music rocks up and we:

CUT TO

22 EXT. HARBOR - DAY
NA

Later in the day, sailboats with bright colored sails and ornately painted hulls tack back and forth. Lots of chatter between boats, horseplay, splashing, and general good times. It's cruising, on water.

23 EXT. HARBOR, ABOARD MIKE'S BOAT - DAY
NA

with Doug, Andy, Jackie and Brooke.

JACKIE
How fast does this go?

ANDY
With the right wind, 15-20 knots.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED
NA

JACKIE
What?

MIKE
Real fast.

He sheets in, heeling the boat over in the stiff breeze.

BROOKE
Far out!

Jackie screams in excitement; for a city girl, this is more fun than a roller coaster.

24 ANGLE ON A RED CATAMARAN, "SIZZLER"
NA

overtaking Mike's boat. It's piloted by Larry Vaughn, Jr., the Mayor's Son; with him is his good friend, Bob Burnside.

LARRY
Coming Up!

BOB
Gangway, Turkies!

It's immediately a race between the red boat -- "Sizzler," and Mike's "Green Machine." The Kids ad-lib -- "Faster," "Lookout," "Gybe, gybe."

ANDY
We're carrying weight.

LARRY
We'll take your supercargo.

JACKIE
Is that me?

BROOKE
That's you.

JACKIE
I've never been supercargo.

Donny and Denise's boat cuts in, stealing the Sizzler's air.

LARRY
Hey, get out of our air!

DONNY
Want a passenger?

24-A ANGLE ON THE SIZZLER AND FELIX 24
NA

Denise hops nimbly from one boat to the other as Donny sails tight as a tick to the red cat.

BOB
Way to go!

25 *QUICK CUTS: FUN AT SEA* 2
NA

The sailboats cutting up, cruising the harbor, the local teen-agers partying with each other:

-- Patrick and Lucy's Sol Cat, flying its hull.

-- Susie's Laser heeled 'way over in a stiff breeze.

-- Polo and a pretty girl in his sloop, "Sea Witch."

-- Timmy Weldon and Doug Fetterman playing catch-up in their respective boats, the Doughdish and the inflatable.

-- Marge in her Lightening, sailing close to Ed and Tina in Tina's Joy.

CUT TO

26 UNDERWATER NEAR THE ORCA - DAY
NA

Silent, green-blue depths. A diver, Crosby, working the bottom running a search pattern. Another diver, Tom Andrews, running close. They signal to each other, and make another pass. Follow Tom Andrews as he skims the bottom, near the wreck of the Orca, half-buried in the silt. A diver's line runs up and out of the frame, to:

27 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Bobbing on the surface are three boats: the Amity Police launch, the deserted Elizabeth T., from Newport, flying a diver's flag, and the ScubaVue, a local diveboat operated by Tom Andrews and his partner, Crosby; it has "Amity Aqua-Sports" lettered on it somewhere. Hendricks and Red are on the deck of the police boat, peering at the cruiser.

HENDRICKS
Rich or poor, it's nice to have money.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

RED
Figure they split?

HENDRICKS
Happens every season -- someone takes off. Once we had a schooner for a month while the owners went fox hunting.

A sudden eruption in the water nearby startles them -- it's Andrews, surfacing, holding up the underwater flash camera.

ANDREWS
This is all there is.

Crosby pops up next to him, shows empty hands.

HENDRICKS
If that's it, that's it.

The divers head for their boat, Hendricks fires up his engine, and we:

CUT TO

28 INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brody is trying to reason with an indignant fat man.

INDIGNANT MAN
I can't watch the news, I can't watch a ball game, I can't watch movies -- all I hear is that rotten kid with his rotten radio ..."Breaker, Breaker...."

BRODY
I'll do what I can, but you're talking about a federal jurisdiction....

INDIGNANT MAN
(leaving in a huff)
So call the FBI!

POLLY
Black, two sugars.

BRODY
Thanks. What else is out there?

POLLY
One petty theft, one domestic disturbance, and an exhibitionist.

BRODY
I'll take the exhibitionist, you handle the others.

WOMAN
Chief Brody? I want you to do something about my first husband.

Brody is caught in the open.

WHITE-HAIRED MAN
Martin, you have got to demand that Grace Kinney keep her shades down.

2ND MAN
What about enforcing the "No Parking" ordinance on Beach Road?

BRODY
In a minute, in a minute -- talk to Mrs. Prendergast, please....

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

WOMAN
(continuing)
Albert keeps coming around when I'm with gentlemen friends and he throws mud on their cars....

2ND MAN
(eager to be heard)
Every time there's an out-of-state car in my driveway, I lose another mailbox. Those little iron sailboats cost thirty-two dollars each!

BRODY
(to White-Haired Man)
Talk to me about Mrs. Kinney.

WHITE-HAIRED MAN
Her bedroom window faces my oldest boy's bedroom, and she's teasing him, dancing around in a towel, or less....

BRODY
Dancing?

Hendricks has entered, carrying the camera brought up from the bottom by the divers.

HENDRICKS
Chief....

BRODY
Hendricks. I want to go over your reports and your Form 908.

They go into Brody's inner office; the uproar continues behind the door, but it's calm in here.

HENDRICKS
I never heard of a 908.

BRODY
I just made it up. It means, "Get me out of there."
(notices the camera)
What the hell's that?

HENDRICKS
Diver's camera. Tom Andrews brought it up from under that abandoned cruiser.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED - 2

BRODY
Abandoned? It's a little early in the season for that.

HENDRICKS
Rich people. Home port is Newport, Rhode Island.

BRODY
If I had a $100,000 boat, I sure as hell wouldn't leave it anchored alone in the channel.

HENDRICKS
If you had a $100,000 boat there'd be an investigation.

Hendricks puts the camera in an informal "Lost & Found" box sitting in the office. Brody makes the mistake of opening the door, revealing the White-Haired Man.

WHITE-HAIRED MAN
Grace Kinney is driving my boy to distraction.

BRODY
Hendricks, get a description of that dance.

LARGE MAN
(to Brody)
Chief Brody? I want to talk to you about my daughter...she's 15, but mature for her age....

WOMAN
Chief, I've been telling Mrs. Prendergast that it's no good just talking about Earl, she's got to do something....

2ND MAN
Look -- the township is responsible for protecting life and property, and my property is unprotected....

As Brody turns to deal with the mess, we:

CUT TO

29 thru 32 OMITTED

33 UNDERWATER

Looking up at the surface, where a hull floats in silhouette against the daylight. There's a commotion, and a water ski drops into view. Then another one. Pale legs churn the water

CUT TO

34 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Off Amity Beach, a bilious green lap-straked boat is bobbing in the water, the engine idling. Two girls are fooling around the one in the water is Terry, the one driving the boat is Diane.

TERRY
Did you ever see a dolphin?

DIANE
Sure. They like to play. We may see some today.

TERRY
Great!

She fumbles with her skis.

TERRY
Whoops, almost lost one. Can't play with the dolphins without skis....

DIANE
Ready?

TERRY
Hang on, hang on...Okay, go.

Diane goes to the controls, and puts the engine into gear, starting forward. Terry waves "okay," Diane opens up the throttle, the boat surges forward, pulling Terry upright. A wake boils out from under her skis.

35 ANGLE ON THE BEACH

Ed and Tina are camped on a blanket, necking in the shelter of the dunes. There's a portable radio, a cooler with some beer and some sandwiches -- a perfect afternoon alone. Above the dune, behind them lies the ocean, where the girl's ski boat can be seen, raising a big wake. Tina disengages, and sits up, brushing sand out of her hair.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

TINA
Take a break for a minute, okay?

ED
Huh?

Tina stands, and looks out to the sea, where the boat is towing Terry on the water.

TINA
Eddie, can we do that?
(no reaction)
Can we go skiing? We can use my Uncle's boat. Eddie?

ED
Next week.

TINA
With you, everything's next week. I want to go skiing soon. Tomorrow?

Ed grunts non-comittally. Tina takes a beer from the cooler, and goes up on the dune to watch Terry and Diane. She waves to them, and to someone down the beach.

36 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

An old lady, Grace Witherspoon, is rocking on her porch, also enjoying the view of young people enjoying themselves. She acknowleges Tina's distant wave, and turns her attention back to the skiers.

37 ANGLE ON THE SKIERS

having a wonderful time. Terry is good, criss-crossing the wake, showing off.

38 CLOSE ON TERRY

rushing through the water, waving, stunting.

TERRY
Faster! Faster!

She waves at Diane, who leans over the controls, to coax more speed out of the old engine.

39 UNDERWATER

following the skis effortlessly, closing in on the turbulent wake.

39-A ON THE SURFACE

Terry whipping along; a fin raises near her. She glances at it, waves, thinking it's a porpoise.

TERRY
Porpoise! Look! A dolphin!

The fin slides low in the water, heading towards her. She puts the rope around her waist, leaving both hands free.

39-B UNDERWATER

closing in on the wake, crossing it.

39-C TERRY - ON THE SURFACE

The fin cuts across her path. Too late to maneuver, Terry hits the looming gray back of the Shark. The skis bump, leave the water, Terry takes a spectacular spill. The rope around her waist tows her helpless through the water, gagging her, preventing her from shouting. She flounders as Diane slows the boat to see what's happened.

39-D ANGLE ON THE BOAT

turning back to see if her friend hit a submerged log or hurt herself.

DIANE
Terry! You okay?

TERRY
Help! Help!

DIANE
Okay, okay, coming....

She still doesn't realize the gravity of the situation -- she hasn't seen the fin.

39-E ANGLE ON TERRY

hysterical, pulling herself hand-over-hand up the rope, trying to get to the boat.

39-F UNDERWATER

Closing in on the thrashing figure.

39-G TERRY

screaming, as the Shark rises from the deep and takes her. Suddenly she's gone, a swirl of pink froth marking the water where she went under.

40 IN THE BOAT - DIANE

Looking around for her friend, suddenly panicky. She pulls the rope hard, and tumbles backward as it comes up with nothing on it -- just a cleanly bitten end.

DIANE
(screaming)
Terry!

Then the Shark appears, blood on its mouth, lunging up and butting the stern, jarring the engine loose. Fuel spills from a ruptured line.

DIANE
Help! God, help!

She throws things at the Shark, which slides back under the water.

40-A DISTANT ANGLE ON THE BOAT - FROM THE BEACH

Diane can be seen flailing in the boat, very distant screams floating across the water; at this range they sound like the normal shrieks of teen-age girls having fun....

40-B ANGLE ON THE BOAT - CLOSE

as the Shark hits from a fresh angle, this time taking a chunk out of the boat, biting down with powerful jaws. Diane hurls seat-cushions, oars, anything she can lay hands on. She fumbles desperately in a compartment, produces a flare-pistol. She cocks it and fires point-blank at the shark.

40-C CLOSE ON THE SHARK

The flare hits, wet fuel glistening on the water and skin of the Shark explodes in a sheet of flame.

40-D DIANE

A last flash before the gasoline explodes.

DIANE
No-o-o-o-o-o-o...!

A sheet of fire, she's in the middle, screaming, aflame, the Shark forgotten. She falls into the water as the ruined boat overturns and there's an oily explosion.

41 EXT. BEACH - DAY - ED AND TINA

Ed and Tina look up as they hear the distant "crump" of the boat blowing up.

42 EXT. PORCH - DAY

Mrs. Witherspoon looks up, startled by the sudden tragedy. She gets up to go to the phone, indoors, and we:

CUT TO

43 EXT. OCEAN - DAY - AMITY POLICE BOAT

The launch is anchored at the site of the explosion, offshore. Red is fishing up bits of flotsam with a boathook. Hendricks is on the radio, talking to the shore.

HENDRICKS
I can't find anyone out here. They must've gone to the bottom, or drifted with the current.

44 BRODY ON SHORE
NA

He's on the porch of the Witherspoon house, using his portable walkie-talkie. Mrs. Witherspoon is waiting in the b.g. Nearby, we can see a sign: "BURIED CABLE: Call New England Light and Power Before Digging." The cable itself surfaces in a chain-link fenced enclosure, and climbs a power pole for distribution to the island. Ed and Tina are also there, having given statements.

BRODY
There should be bodies. Witnesses say two people; one in the boat, one skiing.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED
NA

HENDRICKS (o.s.)
(filter)
I told you -- nothing here.

BRODY
Try dragging.

HENDRICKS (o.s.)
For how long? Current's moving everything around, and it's getting dark.

BRODY
Stay on it. I don't care how long it takes.

HENDRICKS (o.s.)
10-4.

Brody turns to Ed and Tina, and takes out his notebook.

TINA
We heard this noise, like a 'boomp' out there, and when we looked, there was just this cloud of smoke.

GRACE
That was the explosion. One minute they were having a wonderful time, the next, bang!

BRODY
What was out there?

GRACE
I don't know what could've done that.

Brody stares out at the quiet sea -- what's lurking under that calm surface?

TINA
Can we go now?

Brody's still looking past them, towards the ocean.

TINA
Chief Brody -- can we go? Please?

BRODY
Oh, yeah. Sure.

As he gazes at the ocean, we hear the sound of a distant siren, and

CUT TO

44-A EXT. AMITY - DAY 44-

An ambulance, siren wailing and red light flashing, drives on its melancholy way through the picturesque town.

DISSOLVE TO

45 ABROAD THE POLICE BOAT - NIGHT
NA

Hendricks has the winch in operation, the cable in his hand, with big grappling hooks attached. The boat is lit by its powerful worklights. Hendricks heaves them out, watches as the current takes them, then puts the winch in gear, hauling back.

RED
How much longer?

HENDRICKS
Until we find something.

RED
I don't care about the overtime, I'm hungry. And cold. And most of all, bored.

46 INSERT - THE WINCH CABLE
NA

It goes taut with a sudden strain.

47 ANGLE ON HENDRICKS
NA

He sees it, too.

HENDRICKS
I think we got something.

Red moves to the winch, watching warily as it slows to a near stall with the weight.

RED
About damn time.

HENDRICKS
What the hell is it?

There's a strain on the cable -- it's pulling the stern of the boat down as it struggles with the weight.

HENDRICKS
Here it comes....

48 ANGLE ON THE WATER
NA

lit by the harsh worklights on the deck of the launch. The cable from the winch is taut, pulling something up from the black depths. What? The coupling appears, then the hook, and an oily cable.

RED
Oh shit. Drop it.

HENDRICKS
What is it?

RED
Power line.

HENDRICKS
Oh, great.

He hits the release on the winch, and the cable whines as it spins out and settles back on the bottom. Red jiggles the line, trying to free it up.

RED
It comes here from Cable Junction.

HENDRICKS
Untangle it and let's go -- We don't need a blackout on the island.

RED
(at the winch)
Now you're talking. Let's get out of here before we do find something.

DISSOLVE TO

49 OMITTED

50 INT. BRODY KITCHEN - DAY

The next morning, the Brody family is downstairs, each getting his own special breakfast. Mike gets cereal for himself and Sean, Ellen is cracking some soft-boiled eggs; Brody is drinking coffee and smoking.

ELLEN
You have to smoke so early in the morning?

BRODY
It's good with coffee.

ELLEN
So's a donut.

SEAN
I want Fruit Loops!

MIKE
Eat Cheerios.

SEAN
You eat Cheerios. I want Fruit Loops.

ELLEN
Eat Cheerios.

BRODY
What're you guys doing today?

MIKE
(indicates Sean)
I don't know about him -- I'm going down to the dock, maybe go sailing.

BRODY
Every day?

MIKE
What else is there to do?

BRODY
You could work out at the beach, make a few bucks for school.

MIKE
Do I have to?

BRODY
You'll have to make up your own mind about that.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

ELLEN
Where's my day book?

BRODY
In the den.

Ellen passes them on the way to the den to look for it.

ELLEN
He doesn't have to work all the time, it's his vacation.

Mrs. Silvera enters from the service porch.

MRS. SILVERA
Good morning -- everyone up early today?

BRODY
There's a lot going on.

He follows Ellen into the den.

51 INT. DEN - DAY

Ellen is rummaging around the papers on the end table, looking for her book.

ELLEN
Why don't you take a half day and clean this junk up?

BRODY
Because, I'm in the middle of a boating accident, I got only four regular cops and one secretary, and a Chief Deputy who is constantly fiddling with the police boat. He's another one.

ELLEN
One what?
(she finds the book)
Ah-ha!

BRODY
Boat nut. What is it about this place that makes everyone a freak for boating?

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

ELLEN
It's an island.
(she pecks him on the cheek)
Got to run.

She heads out the door for the office, Mike approaches.

52 ANGLE ON MIKE AND BRODY

MIKE
I'm going.

BRODY
What about tennis? Riding? Fixing up old cars? Bartending?

MIKE
Bartending? I'm 17.

BRODY
Okay, not bartending. Why on the water every day?

MIKE
Because.

BRODY
Look, humor the old man -- just be careful.

MIKE
(going)
I'll be careful. I'll see y'later.

53 INT. KITCHEN

Mike passes through on his way out, nodding to Mrs. Silvera who acknowledges his passage. Brody is close on his heels.

BRODY
Don't go out if it's rough or anything, huh? We've had a lot of trouble.

MIKE
Okay, okay.

The back door slams behind him.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

SEAN
Can I go with you today?

BRODY
You stay with Mrs. Silvera, tootsie. Okay?

Sean nods, resigning himself to the inevitable.

MRS. SILVERA
(to Sean)
You can come with me to the market.

SEAN
All right.

BRODY
I'll be at the office.

Mrs. Silvera nods, and pours Sean a glass of milk. Brody sighs, and heads out the door. Sean calls after him.

SEAN
Bye, Daddy. I'm going to be careful, all day.

CUT TO

54 OMITTED

55 EXT. OCEAN - DAY
NA

Sitting snug and ship-shape on Mike's Green Machine are Mike, Andy, Brooke, and Jackie. They are heeled over in a brisk wind, making good headway; sailing nearby in the b.g. are Patrick and Lucy and Donny and Denise, in their boats.

LUCY
(from her boat)
Where're we going?

ANDY
Oh, out a ways. Maybe the lighthouse.

BROOKE
The lighthouse?

ANDY
No big thing, we'll see who's out there, maybe picnic.

MIKE
We got some stuff at the store. Ed and Tina are going to be there.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED
NA

BROOKE
Oh, sure, they would be.

JACKIE
What's the lighthouse?

MIKE
It's an island, near here, with a lighthouse. We sometimes hang out there, you know....

JACKIE
Great. I got some wine.

She opens her big floppy bag, revealing the top half of a jug of Mountain Red. Brooke slides over to her.

56 ANGLE ON BROOKE AND JACKIE
NA

BROOKE
(aside)
The lighthouse is a make-out spot.

JACKIE
Now I really want to see it.

BROOKE
You going to fool around with Mike?
(Jackie shrugs)
Well, I'm not doing anything with him.

She indicates Andy, who pretends great indifference.

JACKIE
Well, maybe I will, then.

Andy does about a triple take before he regains his cool. Mike concentrates on his sailing, Jackie grins an impish, vixen grin, Brooke shrugs.

CUT TO

57 thru 62 OMITTED

63 EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

A spectacular view from the top of the old lighthouse, showing ocean, sandy beach, some of the Kids' catamarans pulled up on the sand, other pleasure boats cruising in the b.g. Ed and Tina are running down the stairs, laughing.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

ED
Come on back up here!

TINA
Nope.

ED
Give me back my hat!

TINA
Double nope!

64 ANGLE ON THE SAND

where Andy, Mike, Jackie, and Brooke are camped around a blanket listening to a portable radio. Ed and Tina run by.

ANDY
Why'd they decide to move?

BROOKE
Too hot in the lighthouse?

MIKE
Too hot for those two? I can't believe it.

JACKIE
Is there something I don't know about?

BROOKE
I told you, remember?

JACKIE
Oh, yeah. So why aren't they doing it now?

There's a little round of giggling.

ANDY
Maybe by now they are.

MIKE
They're moving pretty fast.

JACKIE
He's cute....

65 ANGLE ON ED & TINA

running towards a dune and over it.

66 ANGLE ON MASSIVE SHAPE

in f.g., covered with birds. Ed and Tina appear over the crest of a dune, and the frame explodes in a flurry of seagulls, suddenly disturbed. The whir and drumbeat of wings, and the shrieking of the gulls is a jarring shock.

67 CLOSEUP - TINA

reacting.

TINA
Yech!

68 HER POINT OF VIEW

The huge hulk of a beached, decomposing dead whale, a few birds still pecking at scraps of blubber and entrails. Big festering red holes mark its sides.

DISSOLVE TO

69 LONG SHOT - SAND AND WHALE

From the top of the lighthouse, we can see a group of interested spectators, clustered around the whale like ants at a picnic. A few more boats are beached and riding at anchor just off the shore, including the Amity police boat. Three Ants are walking towards the crowd, one of them gesturing.

CUT TO

70 ANGLE ON BRODY, HENDRICKS AND A WOMAN

She's Lureen Elkins, a marine biologist from the Oceanographic Institute, and she's skeptical. Brody is the ant whose antennae were waving in the long shot.

BRODY
As soon as I heard about it, I called you. This thing is big!

His arms indicate big.

ELKINS
After we've looked, we'll talk.

HENDRICKS
This is it.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

He moves forward to clear the crowd. Some kids are poking the massive hulk with sticks. A tourist couple is snapping away with a Polaroid SX-70. The whole mess stinks, too.

HENDRICKS
Move back, please...back off...
open it up a little....

The crowd edges back, giving way to Brody and Elkins.

BRODY
See? What'd I tell you?

71 ANGLE ON THE WHALE

Brody is holding a handkershief to his nose as he approaches the dead thing, indicating a huge open wound on the side.

BRODY
Look at that!

ELKINS
First things first.

She produces a tape measure and gives one end to Brody.

ELKINS
From the tip of the snout, please.

Elkins is measuring the length of the creature. She calls off numbers to Hendricks, who is officiously writing it all down, repeating numbers as he hears them.

ELKINS
Length, 22 feet, 8 inches.

BRODY
Come on, let's check the bite
radius.

ELKINS
(cold)
The what?

BRODY
Bite radius. You know, the size of
the mouth?

ELKINS
The whale's mouth?

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

BRODY
The Shark's mouth.

ELKINS
What shark?

Brody pitches his voice low, so that the crowd won't listen.

BRODY
The shark that did this. It was a shark, wasn't it?

ELKINS
We don't know that, do we?

BRODY
But that's what we're here to find out, right?

ELKINS
You don't tell me my job, and I won't tell you about yours, okay?

HENDRICKS
I can't hear you if you're going to whisper.

MIKE
Can we go now?

He turns to join the kids as they slip through the crowd to return to their blanket, ad-libbing good-byes.

BRODY
(to Mike)
You stay here a minute.

MIKE
Oh, c'mon....

BRODY
You heard me.

JACKIE
We'll be over by the lighthouse.

MIKE
I'll be right there. Wait up.

They hang around, waiting for him. Elkins has reclaimed Brody's attention.

ELKINS
Could be a shark. But maybe not.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED - 2

BRODY
Look, I know a little bit about sharks.

ELKINS
Do you.

BRODY
I know that this was probably a Great White Shark. Car-cad@n... Caradan....

He fumbles for the correct Latin.

ELKINS
(helping out)
Carcharadon Carcarious.

BRODY
That's it.

ELKINS
Okay, so that's it.

BRODY
Is there one in these waters?

ELKINS
What makes you think there might be?

BRODY
Because this big fish has been bitten by some other big fish....

ELKINS
This is a mammal, not a fish.

BRODY
Jesus, don't quibble with me. I want to know if a Great White Shark did this.

ELKINS
Probably.

BRODY
That's it? Probably? Look, sharks are attracted by blood, and thrashing around....

ELKINS
And sound.

71 CONTINUED - 3

BRODY
(this is a new one)
Sound?

ELKINS
Sound. Like sonar, or radar. They home in on irregular sounds, unusual sounds, any rythmic low-frequency vibration.

BRODY
So there's one around here.

ELKINS
Not necessarily. These wounds could've been inflicted 30 miles out to sea, or more. None of them are immediately fatal. Currents could've carried the body 10 miles further.

HENDRICKS
(chiming in)
We got a helluva tide this month ---

BRODY
Could you just keep that crowd back, please?

MIKE
(fidgeting)
Pop....

BRODY
You stay right here. You're going in with me.

72 ANGLE ON BRODY AND MIKE

As Elkins examines the whale, calling her observations to Hendricks.

MIKE
We came out in my boat.

BRODY
Andy can sail it in.

MIKE
I got a date!

BRODY
She'll understand.

(simultaneous)

ELKINS
Lower jaw displaced and lacerated by predator attempt to sieze the tongue. Additional large tissue loss in the dorsal and sub-dorsal areas, as well as the caudal. Original bite radius 37 inches, allowing for salt-water erosion and subsequent small predator and scavenger tissue attacks....

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

MIKE
She won't.

The Kids have moved a little closer to hear what's going on between father and son.

BRODY
I don't want to discuss it.

Elkins crosses to Brody.

ELKINS
It's either a Great White, or another killer whale.

BRODY
Can't you tell?

ELKINS
Not when it's like this. This animal has been ashore for 10, 12 hours, and drifting for a day, at least. Every little nibbler in the sea's taken a bite.

BRODY
Look -- can Great White Sharks communicate? Send out signals, or something? You know, take revenge, sense an enemy....

ELKINS
Don't be ridiculous -- Sharks don't take things personally.

MIKE
Dad, please....

Brody turns on him. This at least, is something he can do something about.

BRODY
No more sailing. You come back with me, and that's <u>it</u>.

MIKE
Why me?

BRODY
Because I say so.

ANDY
I'll tie up at the town dock, don't worry, man.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED - 2

JACKIE
See you later, Mikey....

ED AND TINA
Later, bye...(Ad lib).

73 OMITTED

DISSOLVE TO

74 INT. AMITY TOWN HALL - DAY
NA

Vaughn and Brody enter, walking through the spare, empty town meeting hall, towards the conference table. They are alone.

VAUGHN
I'm showing summer rentals. We got a helluva season going.

BRODY
We have got to talk, and we have got to talk alone.

VAUGHN
We're alone.

BRODY
Larry, I don't know how to say this, but I think we got a shark problem. A real one.

Vaughn stares at him, then unlocks the door to his private office -- "Mayor" -- and leads Brody in.

75 INT. VAUGHN'S OFFICE - DAY
NA

Small, expensively furnished in antiques, with a few symbols of Amity boosterism cluttering one wall: a photo of the beach featuring a shark tower; an architect's rendering of the new Holiday Inn, some charts and graphs showing upward progress, a few stills of businessmen's luncheons, plaques, awards, etc.

VAUGHN
Are you serious?

BRODY
Of course. Look -- I've got some missing persons, fatalities, evidence of a large predator....

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED
NA

VAUGHN
No one has seen a shark -- no fin, no bites, nothing. Be realistic.

BRODY
I got a feeling. I have to act on it -- you can understand that, can't you?

VAUGHN
Of course I can, but can't it wait? These things cost money, and this town doesn't have much money.

BRODY
We have to do something.

VAUGHN
We have done something -- hell, we damn near went broke putting up a shark watch tower on the beach -- it's the only one in 2000 miles, y'know.

BRODY
I know, I know....

VAUGHN
And I stood by while you told the people from Ramada and Marriott that if they put up a hotel they'd need $800,000 worth of steel net around their beaches! In New England? We all lost on that one.

BRODY
It's still a good idea.

VAUGHN
Martin, when we build up our tax base a little, you can have everything you want; right now, the town's broke.

BRODY
Please, Larry -- there's good reason. Those water skiers....

VAUGHN
(interrupting)
A tragedy. But that was a boating accident; no bites, no sharks, nothing but a boating accident.

75 CONTINUED - 2
NA

BRODY
Two of them are still missing!

VAUGHN
There's always deaths in these waters that never turn up. Are they all shark victims?

BRODY
Maybe they are!

Brody's overstated his case, and he realizes it.

VAUGHN
Bullshit.

BRODY
(shouting)
Bullshit? I'll give you bullshit -- there's a dead whale out there with bites all over it!

VAUGHN
(shouting back)
What am I, an ass? When you called me, I called Elkins, and her bosses. Nothing she saw is proof of anything.

BRODY
Someone has to do something.

VAUGHN
(back in control)
Don't push it this time. If you do, it won't turn out the way you want, I guarantee you that.

The two men study each other for a long moment. Then,

VAUGHN
I've got to get back to work.

He holds the door for Brody, who walks out as Vaughn lags behind, locking up his sanctum.

CUT TO

76 EXT. AMITY BEACH ROAD - DAY (DUSK)

Brody is alone in the jeep, headed for the safety of home and family. He drives past the town's billboard: it's covered

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

with an architect's rendering of the Amity Holiday Inn. The sign reads: "WHEN IN AMITY, ENJOY THE HOLIDAY INN." Plastered across it is an added streamer: "NOW OPEN." Barely visible underneath are older notices: "UNDER CONSTRUCTION," and "OPENING IN JUNE."

As Brody passes the sign, he impulsively swings off the main road and heads down towards the beach.

77 EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Brody is on restless patrol, checking the water's edge as he continues on home. As he drives along, he sees: a clambake; some teen-agers in a group, necking and dancing; and a few solitary surfcasters and fishermen.

The beach is deserted, the sun is setting, and Brody and his jeep have the sand to themselves. It's then that he sees something:

78 BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW

A big bow section of a ruined, burnt boat is bobbing in the surf just off the beach ahead. It's a piece of the water-skiers' boat; Brody heads towards it.

79 ANGLE ON THE SURF

As Brody slows his jeep just short of the water, and gets out to look at the flotsam. His shoes get wet. He backs up onto dry sand, then tries to edge closer to examine this object. It bobs up and down in the surf; Brody makes "Get in here" motions. The junk resists.

BRODY
Come on, give a guy a break.

No response. He takes off his shoes and socks, and rolls up his trouser legs. A silly sight. He wades into the water after it.

BRODY
Come on. Here boy. Come to Poppa....

It eludes him, and he flounders after it. A big wave breaks across his crotch.

BRODY
Hoo! Cold!

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

He's almost there, it's just beyond his reach, he's got it, he's lost it, he has it again, it's slippery....

BRODY
(ad lib)
Come here. Come on, Sweetheart.
You bastard. A little closer...
Here y'go....

Then, he's got it ---

BRODY
(exultant)
Gotcha!

80 CLOSE ON BRODY IN THE WATER

As he grabs the ruined wood, and pulls it towards him. Suddenly, the mass of wreckage breaks apart, and something lunges out of the mess and onto Brody.

81 SHOCK CUT CLOSEUP - "THE THING"

Brody is suddenly pinned under a soggy charred horror; the gory remains of Diane, burnt beyond recognition, flesh peeled away, discolored, charred, ruined by days in salt water. He screams, and scrabbles in the wet sand, trying to get out of the dreadful clutches of the half-human thing he's dredged from the water.

82 ANGLE ON BRODY

Extricating himself, puking, retching, splashing water on his face, washing his hands frantically, just behind him, The Thing lying on the sand, a gruesome joke played by the sea.

DISSOLVE TO

83 INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - EXTREME CLOSEUP - CYANIDE BOTTLE

Macro close on a pharmaceutical bottle of Sodium Cyanide, from which a syringe is withdrawing a healthy dose. Follow the syringe and reveal Brody, working at his desk in the deserted office. He is injecting the deadly chemical into some jacketed .38 hollow-point ammunition; a dozen cartridges are lined up in neat array, he is filling the last of them, sealing the points with wax from a burning red candle. The radio scanner is monitoring the local police band: routine reports faintly in the b.g. -- a slow night in pre-season Amit

84 ANGLE ON BRODY

As a sound at the door makes him look up. He hides the odd gear as Hendricks enters, starched and crisp in his uniform.

HENDRICKS
Chief?

BRODY
In here.

HENDRICKS
I missed you at the funeral home. Santos said you were here.

BRODY
You didn't miss much. Christ, what a mess.

HENDRICKS
Positive I.D.?

BRODY
The woman passenger on the boat that blew up.

HENDRICKS
Oh.

There'a an awkward pause. Brody sees the box with the driver' stuff sitting where it was left earlier.

BRODY
What about that camera?

HENDRICKS
What camera?

BRODY
That one -- from the wreck. You brought it up, did you look inside it?

Hendricks' guilty look confirms he didn't.

BRODY
Well, what the hell -- might be something worth seeing. Take it somewhere and see if there's film in it....

HENDRICKS
(catching on)
If there is, develop it!

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

BRODY
You got it.

The Deputy rummages in the locker, happy to be on the trail.

HENDRICKS
I know just where to go.

BRODY
Not the drugstore!

HENDRICKS
Of course not. They're closed. Phil Fogarty's place. He'll do it for me.

BRODY
The drugstore's closed? What the hell time is it?

HENDRICKS
Nine-thirty, ten maybe.

BRODY
Shit -- I'm late for dinner... Close up, okay?

And he runs for the door, the speed-loaders with the Cyanide bullets safely in his pocket.

BRODY
(at the door)
Oh yeah -- I'm expecting a long distance call, very important. Give them my home phone.

HENDRICKS
Right.

Brody pats his pockets to make sure the speed-loaders are safe inside, then exits. As Hendricks watches him go.

85 OMITTED

CUT TO

86 EXT. BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT
NA

Brody's jeep pulls up, and he gets out, beat. He is slouching towards the door when he hears the phone ring inside. He perks up, and starts to move faster.

CUT TO

87 INT. BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellen is on the phone in the den as Brody enters the house. The Kids are on the floor in front of the TV, playing an electronic video game that pings and beeps softly under the following.

ELLEN
(into the phone)
Thank you. I'll tell him.

BRODY
For me?

ELLEN
(hanging up)
Sort of -- Mathew Hooper is aboard the research vessel Aurora, presently in the Antarctic Ocean, and won't be in radio range until half-past next spring.

BRODY
Damn.

He starts upstairs, casually concealing the towel-wrapped package of gun and ammunition.

MIKE
Is Hooper coming to dinner?

BRODY
Not till next year.

He goes upstairs, Ellen waits a few beats, then follows him.

CUT TO

88 INT. BRODY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Brody comes up the stairs and goes into the bedroom, where he carefully puts the gun in the bed table. Ellen finds him.

BRODY
Oh, hi -- How was dinner?

ELLEN
Oh, perfect -- a 75 per cent family affair. Where were you?

BRODY
(getting up)
Santos' place.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

They both know what that means -- the morgue. Brody goes into the bathroom and starts scrubbing his hands compulsively.

89 INT. BRODY HOUSE - BATHROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ellen follows Brody, watches as he washes under too-hot water.

BRODY
Oww!

ELLEN
Careful. What's wrong?

BRODY
Nothing.

ELLEN
Nothing, huh?

BRODY
That's what I said. Is there any of that hand cleaner stuff?

ELLEN
Use the little brush there. Why were you at Santos'?

BRODY
Found one of the missing victims from that boat deal.

ELLEN
Oh. Want to talk about it?

BRODY
No.

ELLEN
Terrific.

Mike comes up the stairs, and is starting into his room when Brody spots him; Sean is just behind him.

BRODY
Michael.

MIKE
Yeah?

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED 89

BRODY
You want to come here a minute?

Mike shrugs and crosses to his father; Sean whisks past him into his room.

SEAN
Hi Dad.

BRODY
Hiya yourself.

MIKE
What is it?

He expects something: this is a formal audience with the Head of The House.

BRODY
I got something for you to do tomorrow.

MIKE
I kind of had plans....

BRODY
Sailing?
(Mike nods)
Forget it. You're beached. Grounded. No more boats.

MIKE
Hey, come on....

BRODY
No backtalk! I spoke to Upton, at the beach, and he's got a job for you there. You can work until school starts.

ELLEN
All summer?

BRODY
He wanted a job, he's got one. I want to see that boat out of the water by tomorrow night.

We see Sean's door opening as he peeps into the hall to see what the fuss is about.

89-A ANGLE ON SEAN'S DOOR 89

It opens a few inches, he looks out at the grownups and his brother, decides he wants no part of this, and quietly closes the door.

MIKE (o.s.)
Dad, please....

BRODY (o.s.)
Tomorrow night. Out of the water.

89-B ANGLE ON THE HALLWAY 89

Mike silently storms into his room, not-so-silently slamming the door as he exits. From inside the room, loud rock music muffled behind the door -- an expression of teen-age rebellion.

ELLEN
Not so loud!

The music lowers its volume. Brody turns to go into the bedroom, to take his shoes off, to go to bed....

BRODY
I know what you're going to say.

ELLEN
Do you?

BRODY
(on the bed)
In the city, it happened all the time -- some Kid o.d.'s on a rooftop, top, a drunk gets cut in pieces under the Brooklyn local, old people die alone in shitty apartments and three weeks later someone calls the cops because of the smell and the flies. Call the cops. What are we, immune?

ELLEN
It was bad, wasn't it.

BRODY
The goddamn smell is always the same.
(he shudders at the recollection)

89-B CONTINUED 89-

ELLEN
Are you going to be able to sleep?

BRODY
Yeah. I think so,
(he raises his voice)
Mike! Keep it down, for chrissake!

Ellen gets up, and quietly closes the door. The upstairs hallway is empty, the doors closed. The Brody household ~~compartmented~~ and closed for the night.

DISSOLVE TO

90 EXT. AMITY BEACH - DAY 90
NA

The familiar striped cabanas flank the white sands; there's a crowd of midweek seasonal tourists and locals oblivious to the tall steel tower that dominates the beach.

A classy van outfitted for passengers pulls into the parking area, followed by Vaughn's Cadillac; the parking attendant waves them into a preferential area, where they disembark: Vaughn, Peterson, Ellen, and some more prospects, including a woman named Bryant and her daughter, Renee.

PETERSON
This is the town beach; the development naturally has its own private access, but I wanted you to see the concession area. Look at that sand -- like sugar!

He scoops up a handful of the fine powder. Ellen directs the attention of the photographers.

ELLEN
During the summer, the sun sets right there...
(she points)
Over the water. Beautiful.

VAUGHN
(to Ellen)
I'll say hello for you.

Ellen nods, preoccupied. Vaughn strolls away, headed in the direction of the cabanas. Mary Nichols, a local Selectwoman, emerges from behind the counter of one of the concessions.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

NICHOLS
Hello -- selling some more of the good life?

ELLEN
A piece here, a piece there, it all adds up.

NICHOLS
Your husband's been here all morning. What's he doing?

ELLEN
(good-naturedly)
His job.

Michael Brody, dressed in township workman's coveralls, is repainting some flaking woodwork. Sean is happily mixing paint. Vaughn joins them.

VAUGHN
Your dad got you working?

MIKE
Yeah.

He continues his chore, without enthusiasm.

SEAN
I'm helping.

VAUGHN
You know where your dad is?

MIKE
Up there.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED
NA

He points at the tower.

VAUGHN
Oh, for Christ's sake.

He crosses briskly to where Peterson is finishing.

PETERSON
...And if you have any questions about recreational possibilities, Ellen Brody here will be happy to answer them.

VAUGHN
Len, can I see you a minute?

Peterson excuses himself and joins the Mayor.

PETERSON
I think we got a couple of live ones.

VAUGHN
Brody's riding his tower.

PETERSON
(looking up)
Oh, shit.

91 BRODY IN THE TOWER
NA

sweeping the water with binoculars, restless eyes trying to scan everything, a grim watchman high over the heads of the unseeing crowd.

92 ON THE WATER
NA

Larry Vaughn, Jr. comes skimming in close to the surf. Bob is handling the sheets, Larry is giving young Jackie sailing lessons -- at the moment he's showing her how the tiller works. He's on her like glue.

JACKIE
This is fun! Can we go faster?

LARRY
(to Bob)
Trim!

Bob does, Larry trims the main, and the hull lifts.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED
NA

JACKIE
Yay!

She snuggles in Larry's arms. He waves to someone.

LARRY
That's my dad!

Jackie waves without seeing.

93 ON THE BEACH
NA

Vaughn waves back, preoccupied. Near him, Mike Brody looks up, his face grim, jealous, and now a little nuts. He splashes paint onto the wood with angry abandon.

VAUGHN
(to Peterson)
Wave to my son.

PETERSON
(waving)
How the hell do we get him down from there?

VAUGHN
Maybe nobody will notice. Let's get them back in the bus.

Mrs. Bryant approaches them, tugging her daughter.

MRS. BRYANT
Renee wants to know what that man is doing way up there?

PETERSON
He's, ah, watching. A lookout.

MRS. BRYANT
For what?

RENEE
(a precocious little girl)
It's a shark tower. I saw one in Florida. He's looking for sharks.

VAUGHN
It's an observation platform. That's our Chief of Police. He's just checking it.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED
NA

PETERSON
Normally, it's used for, ah, bird watching. Nature observation. Weather measurements, that sort of thing.
(a little desperate)
Ellen, we're running late!

ELLEN
Okay. Folks, if we could get back on, we'll show you the country club, and stop for lunch,...

At the mention of lunch, the prospects, all hungry, begin flocking back into the van. Peterson herds them along.

PETERSON
The country club has an 18-hole course, putting greens, and twelve tennis courts.....

CUT TO

94 BRODY IN THE TOWER
NA

still scanning. His body suddenly tenses. There's something out there. He mashes his binoculars to his eyes, trying to get a better look.

95 HIS POINT OF VIEW (PROCESS)
NA

Through the binoculars, something big and black, moving under the buoys and into the swimming area.

96 BRODY AGAIN
NA

He can't believe it. But looking past him, we can see it with the unaided eye: a seething dark mass, moving through the water towards the unprotected bathers.

BRODY
(screaming)
Out of the water! Everyone out of the water!

No one can hear him. A few little faces look up, unable to catch what he's saying. He starts climbing down the ladder shouting.

BRODY
Get out of the water! Tell everyone to get out! Now! Out of the water!

97 ANGLE ON PETERSON, VAUGHN, AND NICHOLS 97

reacting.

VAUGHN
(recalling another panic)
Oh, my God....

PETERSON
What the hell is he doing?

NICHOLS
Oh, no!

97-A ELLEN, MIKE, AND SEAN 97-A

looking up, startled at Brody's sudden panic.

98 THE WATER 98

The dark mass almost on top of the swimmers, who are starting to look around. Most of them are oblivious to what's happening on shore.

99 FOLLOW BRODY 99

as his feet hit the sand and he starts running for the water, fumbling for his gun and the speed-loader with the cyanide bullets. He is bumping into people, knocking little kids over, stepping on blankets and umbrellas, a madman.

BRODY
Out of the water! Now! Everyone!

99-A VAUGHN 99-A

running too, half-stumbling, half-believing, remembering....

99-B ELLEN 99-B

moving after her husband, while Mike steadies Sean, holding the impulsive kid back.

ELLEN
(seeing something)
Martin! No!

99-C ANGLE ON BRODY AGAIN 99.

The gun is out now, he's trying to draw a bead on the shape in the water; chest heaving, he tries to steady his shaky grip. People see the gun and scream, throwing themselves flat on the sand, running, some of them going into the water.

BRODY
No! Don't go in! Stay out!
Stay clear!

He fires. Again. Bullets ricochet off the water, howling towards the horizon. Real panic now. Four more shots.

Reloading, ejected rounds falling bright into the sand, Brody on his knees, fumbling with bullets.

99-D ANGLE ON A LIFEGUARD 99-

standing on his platform, shocked, watching the Chief of Police fumbling with his gun.

LIFEGUARD
It's bluefish! It's a school of
bluefish! Chief! It's bluefish!

100 ANGLE ON THE WATER 1

It is bluefish -- a tight mass of them, churning up the water in a dark, dense group. The swimmers look around, confused by the shots and excitement.

A SWIMMER
What's going on?

ANOTHER SWIMMER
Fish! Anyone got a net?

3RD SWIMMER
Someone get me a rod and reel!

Laughter defuses the tension in the water; bathers move *around, some getting closer to see the fish, others leaving* the water to join friends and families on the sand.

101 ANGLE ON THE BEACH 1

where Brody is now standing, panting, coming down as a crowd collects at a safe distance around him: Ellen emerges from a group that includes Vaughn, Peterson, and Nichols.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

BRODY
Sorry. I'm sorry. False alarm....

Curious crowd murmurs as they watch this lunacy. Brody realizes he's fired his weapon, that spent shells litter the sand at his feet.

BRODY
Okay, it's all over, go on, it's over. No trouble....

Ellen joins him.

ELLEN
It's okay. It's over....

Brody drops to his knees, fumbling for the cyanide bullets in his gun, trying to put things in order, scrabbling in the sand for the empty shells.

The crowd is curious and embarrassed. Some turn away, others drift back to their blankets, talking about what's just happened, others stare rudely. Brody is coming apart.

BRODY
It's all right, everything's all right....

Sean emerges from the crowd, and helps his daddy pick up the bullets, Ellen moves to disperse the rudely curious.

ELLEN (o.s.)
Let's go, everyone...Mrs. Bryant, Len, please....

101-A CLOSE ON BRODY AND SEAN

He sees Sean, his eyes fill with tears, and he grabs the kid in a fierce hug.

DISSOLVE TO

102 INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

A hurriedly called meeting of the town's Selectmen is in session: Vaughn, Peterson, and three others: Kaiser, an old man still in his grocery clerk's apron; Sansom; and Nichols, the woman on the beach.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

VAUGHN
Brody's a good man.

KAISER
Nobody says he isn't.

PETERSON
You should've been out there. You should've seen him waving that gun, like a maniac. There were shots fired!

VAUGHN
He thought he had a good reason.

MS. NICHOLS
But that's not rational behavior!

PETERSON
That's what I'm saying!

VAUGHN
How many people were there?

MS. NICHOLS
Hundred! Literally hundreds. What are they going to say about us?

PETERSON
(to Vaughn)
Larry, I'm a businessman, trying to make a buck like anybody else.

VAUGHN
So? So?

PETERSON
So it can't be done like that. The man's a menace, plain and simple.

VAUGHN
Look, what am I supposed to do? It's done, it's over. We have to deal with the consequences.

SANSOM
That's what we're here to do.

VAUGHN
All right. Let's go into my office, where we can have a little privacy.

103 ANGLE FROM INSIDE VAUGHN'S OFFICE

as the selectmen troop into the cramped quarters. Vaughn deliberately closes the door as they find seats around the room.

VAUGHN
I believe we have a quorum, and informally, I suggest we call this meeting an executive session and dispense with minutes....

CUT TO

103-A INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY 103-A

Brody, alone, is sitting at his desk, morosely studying a little gold statuette of a pistol marksman. What's done is done, and Brody is trying to figure out how to live with it. The phone rings, is answered in the other room. The buzzer sounds. Brody picks up his end.

BRODY
Polly, no calls, please...
(she insists)
Okay, okay.
(he punches a button)
Hello...Phil? Fogarty?...What pictures...I'll be right down....

He slams down the phone and gets up to go, suddenly possessed with a purpose.

CUT TO

104 INT. DARKROOM - DAY

Amid the equipment, clutter and proofs, some shots of the holidome opening, drying on wires. Phil Fogarty, the indignant fat man and town photographer, is locking the door behind an impatient Brody.

PHIL
I don't know what you did, but that kid stopped. I haven't heard one peep, not one 'breaker breaker' for days. Believe me, it's a pleasure....

BRODY
You said something about a camera.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

PHIL
Sure, sure -- Jeff Hendricks brought in this camera, see, from underwater, and I didn't know how to get it open, but my brother-in-law, in Montauk, he works at a hi-fi store, and they sell cameras, so he....

BRODY
(interrupting)
Did you get any pictures?

PHIL
Well, yeah, I did, that's the funny thing. You can't tell much from the negatives, I was going to blow 'em up. Here's a test I did....

He holds out an 8 x 10 proof, Brody snatches it from him.

104-A INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

Brody stares down at it. Sure enough, the ghostly outlines of the Orca, underwater, a diver on the deck making a gesture at the camera.

CONTINUED

104-A CONTINUED
NA

BRODY (o.s.)
Oh, Jesus. That boat....

105 ANGLE ON BRODY AND PHIL
NA

PHIL
Not bad -- that's a real fast lens, probably 1.4. Look at the diffusion, though....

BRODY
What else you got?

PHIL
Let's see -- you got a minute?

BRODY
Come on, Phil, don't jerk me around.

PHIL
Okay, okay -- stand over there....

He gestures, Brody steps to one side of a table with some big enamel pans for washing and developing prints. Phil switches to a red light, and takes some printing paper, putting it under the enlarger.

105-A QUICK CUTS:
NA

-- Enlarger light going on.

-- Timer ticking, the hand turning.

-- Quick negative images: water, boat, diver, hand, boat again, tantalizing fragments of the opening sequence projected on the enlarger's flat base.

-- Hypo and Developer sloshing in a pan under Phil's hands.

-- Brody staring down.

106 INSERT (PROCESS)
NA

Quietly gaining contrast in a pan of developer, a print of what at first looks like seaweed, then is unmistakably the grinning jaws of the Great White.

CONTINUED

106 SUBLIMINAL FLASH CUT - SHARK

A quick nightmare vision of Brody, alone in a sinking Orca, trapped in a battered cabin interior; a Great White crashes through the glass, its head huge as it lunges.

106-A INSERT PHOTOGRAPH IN DEVELOPER (PROCESS)

The close-up detail of this otherwise blurred and unreadable photo is unmistakably a detail from a very close view of the snapping jaws of a Great White; if you hadn't seen it as a memory, it would make no sense at all. For Brody, the meaning is all too clear; for anyone who's never seen the monster face-to-face, it's nothing.

BRODY (o.s.)
(shaken)
That one there. That one....

Phil's hands, holding plastic tongs, gently slosh the print in the bath. The shark's features are indistinguishable from the surrounding detail.

CUT TO

107 EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Brody walks into view, and starts up the steps into the town hall, already lit from within. He's carrying a large envelope.

108 and 109 OMITTED

110 INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT
NA

The Selectmen (Kaiser, Sansom, Nichols), Len Peterson, and Vaughn are seated informally around the big table.

PETERSON
(looking up)
Speak of the devil.

Brody enters, carrying the envelope with the photo.

BRODY
Thank God you guys were all together.
I got something for you. Proof!

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED
NA

VAUGHN
Martin, this is kind of an official meeting.

BRODY
Perfect. Look at this ---

He fumbles with the envelope.

VAUGHN
Chief -- the Board of Selectmen has a question only you can answer.

BRODY
(preoccupied)
What?

PETERSON
Is Jeff Hendricks qualified to fill in as an interim Chief of Police in your absence?

BRODY
Temporarily? Uh...sure....

The question's out of left field. Why are they asking?

NICHOLS
So Jeff could handle things? He knows the routine, he has the authority?

BRODY
Yeah. Why?

PETERSON
It came up during the meeting.

BRODY
Look -- I just got this from Phil Fogarty. It was in the camera belonging to the missing divers. It proves I was right, all along.

He throws the picture down in front of them. They bend over to study it, pass it around, look at it.

KAISER (simultaneous)
Seaweed?

NICHOLS
It's underwater, isn't it? That's why it's so dark.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED - 2
NA

SANSOM
I don't know -- what is it?

BRODY
It's a shark! A Great White!
Jesus, it's right there!

He snatches up the photo.

111 INSERT PHOTO

Just as before, an ambiguous pattern of light and dark; not proof of anything without Brody's inner vision.

VAUGHN (o.s.)
It's nothing I can see.

112 ANGLE ON BRODY

waving the picture.

BRODY
What are you all, blind? It's a shark. Look -- teeth, jaw, gills.

PETERSON
Is that what it is?

BRODY
You're damn right that's what it is.

NICHOLS
I'm sorry, I just don't see it.

Sansom and Kaiser agree, ad lib, "That's nothing...."

VAUGHN
Martin, it could be anything.

BRODY
(exploding)
What the hell does it take to make sense to you numbskulls? Jesus, it's right there in front of you. I know what a goddamn shark looks like, I've been through it, don't you understand? I've seen this sonofabitch before!

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

The Selectmen look at each other in the face of Brody's agitation. Tempers are running high.

PETERSON
What have you seen before? This is nothing. Seaweed. Mud. Something in the lense.

BRODY
My ass!

VAUGHN
Be reasonable, please....

PETERSON
(to Vaughn)
Forget it, he won't listen.

BRODY
There is nothing to discuss.

PETERSON
(blowing up)
Will you listen to this man? Will you just listen to him?
(to Brody)
You really caused a panic on a public beach, you shoot up the place, God knows who could've been injured -- what if somebody decides to sue us? That could ruin us.

BRODY
Is that what it is? Dollars? Money? I'll pay for it. Take it out of my salary.

PETERSON
You don't make enough.

BRODY
Maybe I don't make as much money as some bullshit rip-off artists around here, but I don't work the same way.

PETERSON
What's that supposed to mean?

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

BRODY
It means I don't like all that grab-ass and heavy breathing with my wife, it means I know who's out to screw me here, and it means that I know something none of you know because I've been there -- and I don't want to go through that horror again. Ever!

There's a long pause.

VAUGHN
Martin, could you wait here for a few minutes while we make up our minds about something?

BRODY
Go ahead, whatever it's worth.

The Selectmen file into Vaughn's office, leaving Brody alone in the room. The last one in the door very carefully makes sure it's tightly shut.

Brody sits alone at the table.

CUT TO

113 OMITTED

114 INT. VAUGHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

They are sitting there, deliberating.

PETERSON
I won't mention his personal attack on me.

NICHOLS
I've never seen him like this.

PETERSON
And Hendricks is qualified, you heard that from his own mouth.

KAISER
We made a motion and it was already seconded.

VAUGHN
(official)
Very well then.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

VAUGHN (Cont'd)
It is moved and seconded that Martin Brody be relieved of his duties as Chief of Police, his contract with the township be terminated, and that Jeff Hendricks be appointed Acting Chief in the interim. Those in favor?

All the hands go up.

PETERSON
Anyone opposed, or is it unanimous?

Vaughn's hand goes up, the sole dissent. They stare at him.

VAUGHN
I'm sorry, but I respect his convictions. The motion is carried.

He goes to the door, and opens it.

VAUGHN
Martin? Could you come in please?

CUT TO

115 OMITTED

116 EXT. BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

The police jeep pulls up and stops; although the engine's shut down, Brody still sits quietly inside the car. Then his hand appears at the window, and he drops an empty beer can onto the lawn. Clink.

After a while, he drops another beer can, then another, until the "clinks" tell us he's polished off a six-pack on the way home. Not too steady on his feet, Brody climbs out of the car and starts for the door to his house.

CUT TO

117 INT. BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT - ELLEN AND HENDRICKS

are sitting in the den. There's a bottle and some glasses on the table between them. They look up as Brody enters; he has a moment alone to decide how he's going to play this. He decides, and enters the den, unpinning his badge as he goes.

BRODY
What's this, awake? I'm only fired, not dead yet.

ELLEN
Martin -- I didn't hear you come in....

HENDRICKS
Chief, I came over when I heard about it.

BRODY
(to Hendricks)
I'm glad you're here, Buddy.

Brody leans over a little unsteadily and plants a kiss on the top of Ellen's head.

BRODY
Hello, baby. I'm home.

ELLEN
I know.

BRODY
(giving his badge to Hendricks)
This will look better on you, you're a much snappier dresser.

He refills their glasses, pours one for himself.

BRODY
Now for a toast. Let's wish the new guy luck.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

BRODY (Cont'd)
(lifting his glass)
Lotsa luck.
(sings)
'Hail to the Chief,
Bum-be-bum-be-bum-bum-bum-bum....'

They eye him curiously.

BRODY
C'mon, for chrissake. Drink up. This is a milestone in your career in law enforcement.

HENDRICKS
Look, Chief, I didn't want your job, this wasn't my idea. That's what I came over to tell you.

BRODY
No big thing. I know that.

HENDRICKS
I got to be going, anyway.

BRODY
Okay, okay, party-pooper.

He gets up, Brody walks him towards the door.

ELLEN
Jeff, thanks for coming over.

BRODY
Chief Hendricks, tomorrow we'll take a little inventory toegether, I'll sign out, you'll sign in, and you'll be on your way.

HENDRICKS
Chief....

BRODY
I know, I know, it wasn't your idea. Thank you, really. Okay?

HENDRICKS
Good night then. I'll see you in the morning.

He leaves.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED - 2

BRODY
(calling after him)
No big thing. I'll see you tomorrow. Don't sweat it.

Brody shuts the door. Ellen joins him, putting out a steadying hand. She sees through his bravado.

ELLEN
(affectionately)
You're so full of shit.

BRODY
So what if I am? I got a right. Those bastards out there fired me.

He weaves back into the den, settling heavily onto the couch. the drink, the late hours, and the beer are all getting to him

BRODY
Ha. Poor little Jeffy Hendricks, they'll fire his ass too, some day.
(to Ellen)
I showed 'em the picture from the underwater camera from the divers' boat, nobody saw the shark. They only see what they want to see. Big shark, right there, nobody saw it.

ELLEN
What shark? Where?

BRODY
(indicating the envelope)
Right there. Big as life, twice as ugly.

Ellen opens the envelope, anxious to see the proof. Her face falls as she studies the photo.

ELLEN
This? Is this the picture of the shark?

BRODY
Yeah.

ELLEN
I'm sorry, I just don't see it. This could be anything.

117 CONTINUED - 3

ELLEN (Cont'd)
(angry now)
How could you put your job on the line over this?

BRODY
(barely coherent)
It wasn't just that....

ELLEN
I know about the beach, I was there remember? They can't just let you go, you've got a contract. Are they forgetting what you went through for this town?

BRODY
I blew it. Shot off my gun, shot off my mouth. Bang, bang, four years right down the tubes. Shot to hell....

ELLEN
Sweetheart, you're in no condition to talk about it....

She notices something in Brody's tight posture, his face averted from her.

ELLEN
Baby, look at me, please...
(she turns his face towards her)
Hey -- what is it?

Brody's face is streaked with tears.

BRODY
I've never been fired before, you know that? Once, when I was 17, but never from a real job...I've never ever been fired...nobody ever said I couldn't hack it....

ELLEN
(sensing his pain)
Nobody's saying that now.

BRODY
Okay, okay, so I can't cut it. Maybe the pressure's too much... too tired, I'm just too tired.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED - 4

ELLEN
Too drunk is what you are.

Brody collapses in her arms. There's a noise from the stairs.

118 ANGLE ON THE STAIRS

It's Sean, in his pajamas, sleepy, drawn by the sounds.

SEAN
I heard a noise.

ELLEN
It's all right, sweetheart. Shhh.
Go back to bed. Daddy's sleeping.

SEAN
(looks at photo)
What's this?

ELLEN
(looking at him)
What does it look like?

SEAN
(studying it)
Seaweed?

Ellen reaches out to him and he snuggles against her; she's cradling two sleepyheads as we:

CUT TO

119 OMITTED

120 INT. HANGOUT - NIGHT

This is one of the kids' hangouts: with a jukebox and a couple of pinball games, as well as a counter. Present are all the gang -- Donnie, Doug, Timmy, Bob, Larry Vaughn, Jr., Brooke, Marge, Denise, Jane, Andy, and Mike. The boys are playing the machines, the girls are shouting threats and insults; obviously, a battle of sexes is under way. Andy and Mike are at the counter.

TIMMY
No fair! The flipper's busted!

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

DOUG
(confidentially)
You want to know the secret?

Timmy nods.

DOUG
You smoke three or four joints real fast, get ripped, then play.

TIMMY
That helps?

DOUG
You merge with the machine. Blend into it. Become pinball.

TIMMY
Have you done that?

DOUG
I will, as soon as I find some dope.

The girls push them aside, it being the ladies' turn.

BROOKE
Jane's turn, stand back.

JANE
Look out!

As the women gather around, Doug and Timmy amble towards the counter, where Bob is taking a seat next to Mike.

BOB
Hey, Mike -- I saw your dad over at the town hall.

MIKE
I know.

DOUG
(innocently)
Did he really freak out at the beach?

MIKE
I don't know.

ANDY
Hey, it's all bullshit anyway.

He turns to the counterman to draw attention away from Mike.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED - 2

ANDY
Hey, Dave -- did you know this is the only place in town where the garbage man delivers?

Mixed reaction to the gag from the kids, but it's served it's purpose. Some couples enter, coming from the movies: Patrick and Lucy, Ed and Tina, Polo and Jackie. Ad-lib greetings.

LARRY
How was the show?

ED
Yccch.

TINA
I liked it. It was okay.

PATRICK
I'd rather go to the lighthouse.

LUCY
Who wouldn't.

POLO
Anyone want to go to the lighthouse?

BROOKE
Now? At night?

POLO
Nah. Tomorrow. Early, spend the day. My folks left two cases of beer in the garage.

PATRICK
Is it still there?

POLO
Nope. Got it in my boat.

LUCY
All right.

JACKIE
Let's go for it.

There's a general ad-lib agreement to organize a day's sailing picnic.

TINA
Mike, you going?

MIKE
Why shouldn't I?

120 CONTINUED - 3

LARRY
I thought you might still be painting the restrooms at the beach.

Laughter from the gang.

BROOKE
Anyone want a coke or anything?

They break up into pairs and trios, some going for the soda fountain, others hanging out by the magazines.

121 ANGLE ON JACKIE AND MIKE

JACKIE
I'd like to go out to the light-house with you.

MIKE
I'm not sure I can.

JACKIE
It'll be fun, come on!

MIKE
Maybe you and Brooke could come over to the town beach....

JACKIE
No way. Everybody's going sailing. If you don't want to take me, just say so.

MIKE
That's not it. My dad told me not to go.

JACKIE
You do everything your parents tell you?

MIKE
No.

JACKIE
Good. I'll be on the dock at eight.
(to the gang)
Eight o'clock, everybody!

They ad lib agreement.

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

JACKIE
(aside to Mike)
I really want to to be there.
(to the crowd)
Who's bringing the wine? And who's got a quarter for the box?

Brooke takes Mike aside, as Jackie goes to the jukebox. Larry is right there with a quarter, standing next to her as they select a tune.

BROOKE
She just likes to tease. I think she really likes you.

MIKE
Great.

Some rock music starts, and we:

CUT TO

122 and 123 OMITTED

124 INT. BRODY BEDROOM - DAY

Ellen is asleep under the covers, Brody, still in his clothes from the night before, is sprawled on top; obviously he's stumbled upstairs sometime during the night. There's a noise down the hall, from Mike's room. Brody stirs, but doesn't wake up.

CUT TO

125 INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

Mike is holding a lamp that's almost fallen -- the noise we just heard. He's almost dressed, but not quite satisfied with his image in the mirror. He takes off his clean shirt, and checks a more comfortable, worn shirt. A brief sniff to make sure it's okay for another day, and he puts it on; he tiptoes to the hall, where a noise stops him in his tracks.

126 INT. BRODY HALLWAY - DAY

Mike is frozen in his part-opened bedroom door. Sean's door opens, and little Sean, also fully dressed, comes sneaking out.

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED

SEAN
(whispering)
You're going out.

MIKE
Yeah.

SEAN
You're going sailing.

MIKE
Maybe.

SEAN
Take me.

MIKE
No.

SEAN
(louder)
I want to go with you!

MIKE
Quiet! Shhh!

SEAN
(even louder)
Michael....

MIKE
Okay, okay. Close your door.

Sean does, and happily tiptoes with exaggerated stealth to Mike; the two of them start downstairs.

CUT TO

127 EXT. BRODY HOUSE
NA

Michael and Sean are walking away towards the road into town.

CUT TO

128 INT. BRODY UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY
NA

Brody emerges from the bathroom, dressed in sweatshirt, and cutoffs: no uniform today. He starts downstairs, stopping only to look into Mike's room. It's empty.

BRODY
Good morning, America....

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED
MA

A grin crosses his face -- "My son, the Don Juan..." He goes downstairs.

CUT TO

129 OMITTED

130 INT. BRODY KITCHEN - DAY

Brody enters from upstairs. He heats coffee. Ellen enters dressed for work. He pours two cups.

ELLEN
What're you going to do today?

BRODY
Turn in the car. Clean my desk, explain things to our sons, then maybe get shit-faced and punch your boss.

ELLEN
I'll give notice.

BRODY
Don't rush into it -- we may need the income.

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED

She pours the coffee, they drink it for a moment.

BRODY
Mike left early. Couldn't wait to make out. Must be a morning man.

Ellen and Brody sip their coffee quietly for a few moments. Mrs. Silvera arrives, carrying groceries.

MRS. SILVERA
Morning. Anything special today?

ELLEN (simultaneously)
Sean's not up yet.

You know what he likes, just some Fruit Loops and milk. No candy.

BRODY
The sink upstairs is busted.

Try some Drano, or a plunger, maybe. Or call your brother, the plumber, what's his name....

MRS. SILVERA
Frankie. He's my cousin.

BRODY
Frankie. Okay. Ask him if he needs an apprentice.

Brody and Ellen are at the door.

MRS. SILVERA
Have a nice day.

They leave.

CUT TO

131 EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY

The Kids are into their boats, fitting out for a day of recreational offshore sailing. Mike and Andy are readying his Tornado, while Sean gets in the way. In the b.g., Hendricks can be seen puttering around on the Amity police boat.

ANDY
If you're beached, why are we doing this? For practice?

MIKE
Yeah.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

ANDY
Then why are we futzing around the dock? We can make a few bucks working at the beach.

Sean knocks something over, Mike snaps at him.

MIKE
Look -- if you're going to get in the way, you can just go home.

SEAN
I'm not in the way. Andy, am I in the way?

ANDY
You're always in the way.

Marge joins them, scooping Sean up.

MARGE
This guy giving you any trouble?

SEAN
Put me down!

ANDY
Put him down in the water.

MARGE
(to Sean)
You want to go out in my boat?

SEAN
Yeah.

MIKE
Would you take him?

MARGE
Sure.

ANDY
You've just made someone very happy.

Marge and Sean go over to her Lightening. Brooke and Jackie come down the dock, dressed for sailing.

BROOKE
Mike! Are you going out?

MIKE
Maybe.

131 CONTINUED - 2 13

JACKIE
I thought you were grounded.

MIKE
I can go out if I want to.

ANDY
You can?

JACKIE
You going to the lighthouse?

MIKE
Why not?

ANDY
I could give you a dozen good reasons.

MIKE
(to Andy)
Shut up.

ANDY
Okay, okay, don't say I didn't remind you.

JACKIE
Is there room on your boat for all of us?

Mike looks: Andy, Jackie, Brooke, himself...Timmy moves in, sensing the chance of a lifetime.

ANDY
Well, we're pretty crowded, and I don't know when we're leaving....

Timmy makes his move.

TIMMY
I've got room.

BROOKE
Great.
(to Andy)
That's okay -- I'll go with Timmy.

TIMMY
You will?

131 CONTINUED - 3

BROOKE
Sure.

And she walks towards his boat, looking back for him to follow. He's dumbstruck by his sudden good fortune.

TIMMY
Fan-tas-tic!

He runs to join her, untying mooring lines like crazy; they're together again at last for the first time. Andy is left shuffling with Mike and Jackie.

JACKIE
I'm ready.

And she plops down in Mike's boat, ready to be taken. Anywhere.

JACKIE
Come on, you guys.

ANDY
Well, I don't know....

Jackie flashes him one of her pouty little smiles. Why break one heart when you can break two? Or more?

JACKIE
Please come with us?

Mike is glaring. The message is clear, if unspoken.

JACKIE
For me...?

ANDY
What the hell. For you....

Andy joins them. Mike casts off, while Andy helps, and Jackie sits there, looking cute.

132 ANGLE ON LARRY AND BOB

watching what's going on.

BOB
I thought you said she was going with us?

LARRY
Let's just go sailing, okay?

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

BOB
(casting off)
Want to talk about it?

LARRY
Want to swim home?

Bob gets the message and shuts up. The Sizzler fills its sails, and points out of the harbor.

133 WIDE ON THE HARBOR

Lots of day-sailing Kids, a few bigger, adult boats, some working fishermen and sport fishers; a typical recreational boating mix. The Kids are finding the same general direction, pointing out of the harbor.

134 QUICK CUTS

-- Sails being trimmed.

-- Brooke and Timmy, staring into each other's eyes as he sets a course straight for the lighthouse.

-- Larry, lifting a hull, almost losing Bob.

135 EXT. HARBOR MOUTH - DAY

The Kids' boats, in a loose bunch, slipping out to sea.

136 REVERSE - LOOKING OUT TO SEA

The dive class boat, isolated near the channel, a group of Kids in wet suits and tanks assembled with three adult instructors: Tom Andrews, Crosby, and Sparky.

137 EXT. DIVING BOAT - DAY

Andrews and his assistant instructor, Sparky, are addressing the class, when Mike and Andy's "Green Machine" sails by, close.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

ANDREWS
Hey! Nicholas! You're supposed to be in class!

ANDY
Today I'm staying topside. You dive for me!

ANDREWS
I'm going for lobster.

JACKIE
Great! Find one for me.

ANDY
With butter, if they got any....

Andrews dismisses them with a good-natured wave.

ANDREWS
So long, turkies.

He turns to his class.

ANDREWS
Sparky will take you down today. If everyone's got a buddy, we'll drop.

The class dutifully lines up and starts going in, while in the b.g. the Kids sailboats head out to sea. Andrews two partners, Crosby and Sparky, get ready to follow the class over.

CROSBY
(to Andrews)
Let's get some dinner.

He goes over, Andrews following. Sparky is with the class, signalling "Down;" they submerge like clumsy seals.

CUT TO

138 UNDERWATER

The class, paired up, is drifting down; Sparky offering encouragement as they descend. Andrews and Crosby are already disappearing, swimming away with strong kicks.

139 FOLLOWING ANDREWS AND CROSBY

as they go over the edge of a shelf and drop into darker, deeper waters. Crosby checks his depth, his watch, looks around....

140 HIS POINT OF VIEW

far above him, the class, going about their business.

Below him, murk, depth, and suddenly, a big lunker bass. Andrews sees it, too.

141 ANGLE - ON ANDREWS

Assuming Crosby is following, he takes off, following the big lunker. Crosby, hung up in some minor equipment problem, misses seeing him go. The two men are separated. Follow Andrews as he twists and turns after the bass, going deeper, losing him in the rocks, suddenly rounding a boulder, and meeting, almost face-to-face, horror:

142 BELOW HIM THE SHARK

The Great White Shark, taking the striper in a single gulp, it's looking up at Andrews with one glassy doll's eye; it turns to face him directly, and we see the scar; ugly, red and black, charred flesh from jaw back on the right side, eyes and teeth gleaming like raw bone in the massive, uncaring face.

Andrews' mouth clamps violently on his mouthpiece, then goes wide as he screams in fear into the water. Finning backwards he ditches his weights, gulps for air, and yanks the cord on his safety vest. It balloons out, and pulls him up, surging towards the surface. The mouthpiece, useless, falls away from his lips.

Eyes closed, hose dangling, Andrews hurtles upward, holding his breath in a final, fatal panic, passing a startled Crosby

143 THE DIVERS

look over at the rocketing ascent. What's wrong? Sparky signals "up," and they begin to carefully follow him towards the surface. Crosby's already surfacing.

CUT TO

144 DECK OF THE DIVING BOAT - DAY 14

Andrews is on his side, bloody froth on his lips. One of the class is clinging to his legs, trying to arrest his convulsions. Sparky is holding his shoulders, trying to administer mouth-to-mouth.

SPARKY
Get us in! For Christ's sake, get us in!

In his arms, Andrews writhes, pain knotting his limbs.

Behind them, in the water, the fin surfaces, and casually turns towards the ocean. The Shark is headed for the sea. and for the now distant Kids in their sailboats, dotting the horizon in their familar bright colors.

CUT TO

145 EXT. OCEAN - ED AND TINA'S SANDPIPER - DAY 14

They are alone. In the middle distance, the rest of the Kids' sails can be seen, headed for the lighthouse in the distance. *The Sandpiper's sails are luffing*, they're making no headway.

TINA
You want to tack, or just leave her pointed up like this?

ED
(snuggling close)
Just like this.

TINA
What about sailing?

ED
The tide's running. It'll take us to the light.

TINA
It'll take us to Budapest if you're not careful.

Ed is lashing the rudder as they continue to drift with the current.

ED
First things first.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

He fumbles in a cooler chest, produces a bottle of wine.

TINA
What about the others?

ED
They'll be there when we get there. Might even have a fire started.

TINA
What're we going to do in the mean-time?

ED
I dunno. We'll think of something.

He pours the wine into the two paper cups.

ED
But first, a little juice....

TINA
And second?

ED
(kissing her)
Mmmmmmm.

TINA
(resisting)
Wait a minute. Promise me something.

ED
Anything. Anything.

TINA
That you'll put down a blanket. I've got black and blue marks all over my butt, and my Mom's getting uptight about them.

ED
You got it.

And he fumbles for a blanket in a locker, thumping and banging gear around as he rummages for it. Tina sips wine contented, satisfied to wait.

146 UNDERWATER

The Sandpiper's hull, alone above us, as the Shark rises dreadful certainty, attracted by the erratic sounds of Ed's hasty search.

147 ANGLE ON TINA - WATCHING THE OCEAN

The terrible fin breaks the surface, about 20 yards out, then dips and disappears. Then, impossibly fast, the entire Sandpiper is lifted from underneath by a powerful surge, as the Shark lunges up against it from below, an unseen horror

Ed is knocked over the side, into the water.

148 ANGLE ON ED

as he breaks the surface, shaking the hair out of his eyes, trying to orient himself, finding the boat. He starts to swim for it, Tina extending an arm to help him climb aboard.

149 ANGLE OVER THE GUNWALE, TOWARDS ED

He has barely taken two strokes when a powerful force takes him from below the surface, rushing him towards us through the water. Tina screams. Before Ed can react to the pain, he is slammed face first into the boat. His jaw breaks, blood smears his nose and lip.

His hands grab the wooden-cap rail with a death-grip.

150 REVERSE

Tina is staring down at the water, terror-stricken; Ed's arms and head are f.g., as he locks onto the boat with desperate hands.

151 INSERT

Ed's hands on the rail, knuckles white, an iron grip. With awful finality, the force pulls down, and the wood shatters and splits away as Ed's hands are pulled down and under by the awful force.

152 TINA

her mouth working silently, unable to scream, staring down at the blood and froth on the water, swirling in a grim eddy under her, the Sandpiper rocking gently in the diminishing swe

153 EXT. OCEAN - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

On the way to the lighthouse, but away from the harbor, the Kids are sailing in fairly close order: The sloops (Polo, Timmy, Marge) heeled well over in the stiff breeze, the faster cats (Mike, Larry, Donny, etc.) skimming around, tacking more often, faster and more maneuverable.

153-A CLOSE ON PATRICK AND LUCY

LUCY
Faster! Faster!

PATRICK
Coming about....

She ducks under the boom, handling the jib sheets with easy familiarity. They come about and scoot off on a new tack.

153-B CLOSE ON POLO

reading the wind, trimming sail expertly, competent and alone.

POLO
(to a near-by boat)
Great day! I think the wind's going to change....

153-C CLOSE ON TIMMY AND BROOKE

He comes about, she slides into him, he holds her to steady her, she snuggles into his arms. True love, at last...He's thrilled.

153-D CLOSE ON DOUG

in his inflatable, poking slowly along. Marge passes him, Sean hooting with glee.

MARGE
Coming up.

SEAN
Slowpoke! Slowpoke! Marge is faster!

DOUG
I'm getting new sails, then watch out. Just a question of modifying the rigging!

154 ANGLE ON MIKE'S "GREEN MACHINE"

Jackie, Mike and Andy, clipping along, Larry Vaughn and Bob in the Sizzler nearby. Mike lifts the hull, Jackie squeals in delight.

JACKIE
Wheee! Faster!

ANDY
How fast is enough?

JACKIE
I want to go faster!

MIKE
Hang on....

He trims his sheets, the cat heels more, one hull flying, Andy and Jackie clinging to the trampoline.

155 ANGLE ON THE SIZZLER

Larry is carefully adjusting his tiller, Bob senses what he's doing.

BOB
You coming up on him?

LARRY
You bet. Hang on....

They gybe sharply, running up behind the green cat.

LARRY
Coming up! Give way!

ANDY
Like hell! We're on the starboard tack!

155-A THE SIZZLER AND THE "GREEN MACHINE"

Running close to each other; very tight two-by-two.

JACKIE
Don't let him pass. Faster!

Mike and Larry silently fight for clean air, racing. Water splashes over them.

CONTINUED

155-A CONTINUED

JACKIE
My hair's getting wet!

ANDY
So's mine.

156 CLOSE ON MIKE'S BOAT

He veers onto a less dramatic tack, sparing Jackie's hair. Larry and Bob speed by, yelling.

JACKIE
When do we get to the lighthouse?

ANDY
Soon, dark eyes, soon.

MIKE
The tide's turning.

Andy reveals a knowledgable side to his character.

ANDY
We're going to be fighting the current.
(he looks up)
Wind's backing around a few points, too.

Jackie snuggles against Mike.

JACKIE
I can't wait to get there.

ANDY
But of course.

He goes forward to trim the jib, leaving the lovebirds snuggling astern. They pull away from us, and we:

CUT TO

157 EXT. AMITY WATERFRONT STREET - DAY

Ellen and Brody are in the jeep; he's driving her to work. There's a crowd at dockside, and the town ambulance's now-familiar blinking red light. Brody, out of force of habit, wheels the jeep towards the action, nudging through the crowd, which gives way to the official blue-and-white vehicle.

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED

ELLEN
Hey -- it's not your job any more. I'm going to be late for work.

BRODY
Just one minute....

He gets out, and pushes through the crowd, Ellen following.

158 DOCKSIDE

The dive boat is moored at a clumsy angle next to the Police Boat, where Hendricks has been pulling routine maintenance. The Police launch is cluttered with tools and spare parts; some non-essential piece of gear is stripped and laid out on the deck. Hendricks is on the dive boat, kneeling next to Andrews.

159 ABOARD THE DIVE BOAT

Andrews is shaking, bloody froth on his lips and chest. The shaken divers are huddled together, an ambulance attendant is wheeling a gurney into position. Crosby and Sparky are stunned.

BRODY
What the hell happened?

SPARKY
Embolism. Air bubbles in his blood. Came up too damn fast. Held his goddamn breath!

He is near collapse himself.

HENDRICKS
Easy....

CROSBY
He panicked! Something scared him!

An Ambulance Attendant is putting a blanket around Sparky.

ATTENDANT
It's okay. We're taking care of him.

The other attendant holds something out to Brody. Brody examines it; a scuba mouthpiece, bitten in two, useless.

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED

BRODY
How'd this happen?

SPARKY
Bite reflex, like a spasm.

BRODY
When?

HENDRICKS
Right after the Kids went out?

ELLEN
What Kids? Who went out?

HENDRICKS
All of them. Mike, Junior Vaughn, Brookie Peters, Pat, Lucy -- all that whole gang.

ELLEN
Mike? Our Mike?

HENDRICKS
Yep. Looked like they were headed to the lighthouse.

BRODY
How long ago?

HENDRICKS
About an hour, maybe two.
(thinking)
Let's see -- I came on about eight....

Brody is gone, pushing through the crowd.

160 THE POLICE BOAT

Brody is casting off lines. Ellen is on the dock, watching him.

ELLEN
What're you doing?

BRODY
Going out.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

HENDRICKS
Uh, Chief -- look. You're not Chief any more.

Brody keeps working, making ready for sea.

HENDRICKS
I can't let you take her out.

BRODY
You can't stop me.

Ellen is climbing aboard, taking off her heels.

HENDRICKS
Mrs. Brody, look -- if he can't go, then you can't go. Neither of you can go.

ELLEN
I'm going.

BRODY
Mike's out there.

HENDRICKS
But I signed for the boat. You're not authorized any more.

Brody starts the engines with a roar, and slams it into reverse. The boat starts out of the slip, then lunges to a halt, shuddering on its still-fastened bow mooring line.

BRODY
Untie that rope.

HENDRICKS
Please. It's my job.

ELLEN
I'll do it.

And she moves purposefully towards the boat cleat.

HENDRICKS
Mrs. Brody, please....

Brody is shifting gears, the boat is crabbing sideways as he puts the helm hard over. It bumps the dock, hard.

HENDRICKS
You're too close. Back off.

BRODY
Goddamnit, Hendricks, untie the rope there.

160 CONTINUED - 2

Hendricks goes to the bow, jumps aboard and frees the bow line. The boat slips into reverse, the water boiling as Brody guns it away from the dock.

HENDRICKS
Let me. Please.

He takes the wheel, eases off on the rudder, and comes about, pointing the launch out to sea.

ELLEN
Hurry, please ---

HENDRICKS
What the hell, they can't fire both of us -- someone's got to be in charge, right? Which way are we going?

BRODY
Fine the Kids. The lighthouse -- you said something about the light-house. Get us there.

161 WIDE ON THE HARBOR

The Amity Police Boat, Brody, Ellen and Hendricks aboard, is headed under full power out to sea. Hendricks is pumping the horn, warning boats out of the way, ignoring the rules of the road; as small boats scatter out of the way, we can see the ambulance, red light flashing, pushing out slowly through the crowd at dockside.

CUT TO

162 ABOARD THE AMITY POLICE BOAT - DAY

As they clear the harbor mouth, Brody is on the radio, Ellen is crouching in the shelter of the deckhouse, Hendricks is steering.

BRODY
Amity Launch to Harbor Patrol, over.

HARBOR PATROL (v.o.)
(filtered)
Harbor Patrol. Is that you, Brody?

BRODY
Affirmative. Can you get your chopper airborne?

CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED 162

PATROL VOICE
10-4, in a few minutes. He's down checking a buoy in the Bay Channel.

BRODY
Get him the heli over to Amity Point, the old lighthouse. Right now.

PATROL VOICE
What for?

BRODY
There's a bunch of Kids day-sailing that way. Turn them back to port.

PATROL VOICE
That's it?

BRODY
That's it. Just do it, all right?

PATROL VOICE
10-4, soon as I can raise him.

BRODY
If they're not at the light, look for them. I don't want them out there. Get them back to port!

PATROL VOICE
(exasperated)
Affirmative, affirmative. Turn the Kids day-sailing back to port. I heard you. Patrol out.

As Brody's eyes sweep the horizon anxiously, Hendricks pours it on, and the police boat surges forward.

CUT TO

162-A EXT. OCEAN - DAY - KIDS SAILING 162

Donnie and Denise and Susie are sailing close to each other.

DONNIE
Hungry?

DENISE
Starving. Let's go eat now.

DONNIE
(shouting to Susie)
We're going in to eat!

CONTINUED

162-A CONTINUED

She nods agreement, their boats veer off from the rest and head towards the lighthouse.

CUT TO

163 ANGLE ON THE SIZZLER

as it sails close to the Green Machine.

LARRY
Hey! Brody! Want to race?

MIKE
(confident)
Sure.

LARRY
How about a side bet to make it interesting?

JACKIE
That's fun! Let's race for some-thing!

MIKE
Name it.

LARRY
Loser sails home alone.

ANDY
(aside to Mike)
You're betting what you already got.

MIKE
I don't care.

JACKIE
I love it.

ANDY
Sure you do -- you win either way.

JACKIE
(simply)
I'm supposed to.

LARRY
It's a bet. Once around the marker buoy?

MIKE
That's the pin -- the buoy.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

Larry is confident -- he's got the air, but Mike suddenly gybes without warning, snapping onto a new fast tack, downwind. Larry and Bob are caught by surprise, and lose precious moments as they fumble with their sails.

ANDY
(pulling away)
Turkeys! Eat wind!

MIKE
Yee-hah!

He pounds with glee on the canvas trampoline as their boat moves ahead, a drumming sound.

163-A UNDERWATER

The twin hulls of a catamaran's hull, the muffled, eerie sound of drumming, as the water carries the tempting "thud-thud-thud" sound down to the deep.

164 ANGLE ON DOUG IN HIS INFLATABLE

falling behind as the boats change course for the marker buoy, following Larry and Mike's lead.

DOUG
Hey! Wait for the H.M.S. Invincible!

Brooke and Timmy sail by him, laughing; Polo with them.

BROOKE
Can't -- we're watching a race!

DOUG
Since when? Who's racing?

TIMMY
Larry and Mike!

165 PATRICK AND LUCY

Pat and Lucy are trimming sail, moving faster.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

LUCY
Mike and Larry are racing!
Loser goes home alone!

PATRICK
If we beat them, they can both go
home stag! Single-O! Alone!
Jackie can come back in this boat!

LUCY
What about me?

PATRICK
Uh. Well. Maybe you could give
Polo a hand going in....

LUCY
(snapping him
with a rope)
Your ass I will. Besides, the
wind's turning with the tide.
Sailing back is going to be a bitch.

166 and 167 OMITTED

168 QUICK CUTS - SAILBOAT RACING MONTAGE

-- Ropes and sails rattling through blocks.

-- Sails snapping taut, filling with wind.

-- Catamarans heeled over, racers hanging over the water, dangerously suspended in trapeze harnesses.

-- Skippers' faces, concentrating on boat handling.

169 AERIAL VIEW - SAILBOATS

It's the chopper's point of view, as the Harbor Patrol copter from the Cape flies towards the Kids, following Brody's previous instructions. He sees the sailboats and fly that way.

PILOT
(filtered,
into his mike)
Air Patrol to Base. I have visual
contact on the Kids. Going down
to use the loud hailer....

170 LOOKING UP AT THE APPROACHING COPTER

It approaches the sailboats, losing altitude fast, rotor blades chuffing up a storm.

The Pilot has his microphone to his lips, and his voice is blaring down at them.

PILOT (v.o.)
This is the Harbor Patrol. Return to port immediately. Return -- to -- port -- immediately.

171 THE BOATS

The Kids look at each other, some coming about awkwardly, others luffing, wondering what this is all about.

ANDY
(to Mike)
Your dad must be really pissed.

MIKE
We better go back in.

ANDY
It's not going to be easy.

JACKIE
What's wrong?

MIKE
We're fighting wind and current. I though we'd be out longer, catch the incoming tide.

ANDY
Putz -- that won't be for hours.

MIKE
I was counting on hours.

CHOPPER (v.o.)
Return -- to -- port.

MIKE
We're trying, we're trying.

He waves acknowledgement, and puts about. The others take their cue from him, and set a rough course back, but without much success.

172 PATRICK AND LUCY

LUCY
Heading back?

PATRICK
Might as well.

173 ANGLE ON THE THREE SLOOPS

Polo, Timmy and Brooke, Marge and Sean. They see the faster catamarans come about and try to beat back.

POLO
They're turning around.

LUCY
Coming about, then.

SEAN
Are we going back?

MARGE
Going to try. Lighthouse, everybody....

She puts about, the three of them start back towards the lighthouse, not making much headway. Doug's inflatable is the slowest, and he is now, by virtue of his position, at the head of the line beating back towards the island.

174 OMITTED

175 DOUG'S BOAT

The others in the b.g.

DOUG
Make way for the Carrier Enterprise!

176 INSERT - A WEAK PATCH IN THE RUBBER

It whistles and visibly leaks under the strain.

177 DOUG

looking down in dismay.

DOUG
Make that the Titanic.

He rigs a little foot pump, and begins thumping away, trying to breath air back into the raft.

178 INT. CHOPPER - LOOKING DOWN AT THE SAILBOATS

PILOT
Patrol One to Base. Looks like they're turning back.

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED

CONTROL
All right, Patrol. Go back to work. You've wasted enough time.

179 UNDERWATER

Looking up at the scattered hulls of the sailboats, the turbulence from the low-flying chopper making a vast circular pattern of irregular vibrations.

180 LOOKING UP AT THE CHOPPER

It wheels around, and heads back towards land.

CUT TO

181 thru 183 ABOARD THE AMITY POLICE BOAT - DAY

Rushing through the seas under full power. About three hundred yards ahead, a small, seemingly empty sailboat; Ed and Tina's Sandpiper. Further off, a day-sailing power cruiser, sport fishing.

ELLEN
Michael?!

BRODY
It's not his boat.

Hendricks maneuvers closer, slowing the engine, reversing in time to bring them alongside with a gentle bump. Ellen watches apprehensively as Brody drops into the little boat.

ELLEN
Be careful....

HENDRICKS
Anything?

BRODY
(on the Sandpiper)
Nope...
(he sees something)
Hold on....

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED
thru
183 Brody moves around on the deck of the Sandpiper, until he discovers Tina, cowering in shock; a sudden revealing of a terrorized victim.

BRODY
Tina!

TINA
(a moan)
N-o-o-o-o-o-o-o....

BRODY
It's okay, it's okay. What's the matter? Tina? Honey? Hey ---

TINA
No! It's still there!

BRODY
What is it? What's there?

TINA
It's still there!

BRODY
(to Hendricks and Ellen)
I need a hand here....

Hendricks has gotten a blanket, and he steps over, putting it over the shivering girl's shoulders. Ellen comforts the girl.

ELLEN
Tina, baby...what is it?

TINA
Sh...Sh...Shark....

184 ANGLE ON BRODY - FOLLOWING HIM AS HE REACTS

BRODY
I knew it. I goddamn well told them.

He moves abruptly, stepping up onto the police launch, snapping on the radio, leaving Hendricks, Ellen and Tina on the sail-boat moored alongside.

BRODY
Amity Launch to Harbor Patrol.

CONTINUED

184 CONTINUED

PATROL COMMANDER (v.o.)
(filter)
This is Cape Patrol -- what is it, Brody? I heard you weren't chief any more.

BRODY
Skip that. What about those kids out sailing?

COMMANDER (v.o.)
It's all okay -- Colby got to them. They were turning back when he left 'em.

BRODY
He left them?

COMMANDER (v.o.)
Sure. He's got work to do in Bay Channel.

BRODY
Get him the hell back there! We got possible fatalities! Brody out....

His eyes wild, Brody looks over at the Sandpiper, then scans the nearby waters with sudden tension.

185 BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW

Ellen and Hendricks comforting Tina on the Sandpiper. Nearby, a big cabin cruiser casually trolling by. Brody pulls the police boat's air horn, the cruiser's passengers look over, Hendricks and Ellen jump at the unexpected blast.

185-A ANGLE ON BRODY

BRODY
I'm going out there.

HENDRICK
Hey -- you can't do that.

ELLEN
What is it? What's the matter?

BRODY
Mike's out there.

Brody starts the launch's motor, throwing clear the mooring line that ties the two boats together.

CONTINUED

185-A CONTINUED

BRODY
(to Hendricks)
Get her in. Get them both in.

ELLEN
Martin, please!

HENDRICKS
Chief, be sensible....

BRODY
Where are they?

HENDRICKS
About 10 degrees off your starboard bow, take a heading leeward of Sand Island, and lay her north by northeast....

BRODY
Never mind that shit. Just point.

Hendricks complies.

HENDRICKS
(pointing)
See where Cable Junction is? Look to the left. The lighthouse. That's it.

BRODY
Got it.

And he kicks the engine into gear, moving the launch away and out towards the sea.

ELLEN
Come back! Martin!

He guns the engine as soon as he's clear. Hendricks gives his jacket to a suddenly chilled Ellen, and hails the cabin cruiser, already changing course to pick them up, sounding its horn.

Ellen stares after the receding boat.

ELLEN
My purse is on that boat.

CUT TO

186 EXT. OCEAN - DAY - THE KID'S SAILBOATS

They are trying to beat back towards the lighthouse, fighting wind and tide. Only Doug's inflatable, with its clumsy little motor, is making any headway.

186-A ANGLE ON DOUG

playing at being Charles Laughton.

DOUG
Mr. Christian! Mr. Christian! Pump up this boat! And shave that silly moustache!

Pumping, steering, he's floundering along.

187 UNDERWATER - MOVING TOWARDS THE SURFACE

The Shark has fixated on something -- one outlying shape, the easily identifiable outline of Doug's inflatable, thumping and putting. It homes in on the sound.

188 ANGLE ON DOUG AND THE KIDS

The other kids exchange banter with Doug in his raft, as he clowns for their benefit.

DOUG
England expects every man to do his duty...You may fire when ready, Gridley...Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead....

Despite his pumping, the bulging patch bursts with a loud bang.

DOUG
Oh, shit.

ANDY
Someone pop your balloon?

DOUG
No problem, no problem.

JACKIE
Want a lifesaver?

MARGE
How about a skyhook?

DOUG
You sail your boat, I'll sail mine.

A fin rises partially, almost invisible to most of the kids but Mike notices it, believing it to be a porpoise.

CONTINUED

188 CONTINUED

MIKE
Hey, Fetterman -- You got Company.

DOUG
Company? The place is a mess....

Before anyone can react, the shape rises behind Doug, striking his raft a terrible blow.

DOUG
Whoops!

CUT TO

189 THE OTHERS, WATCHING

Not making any headway themselves, they casually watch the class clown, wondering what he's up to this time.

190 DOUG'S BOAT

a distance from the rest. It shakes, then blows up as big teeth grip it from below. Doug goes flying into the drink.

The Shark has the inflatable in his teeth, and is shaking it from side to side. Dougs's eyes bug out as he sees what's going on. He begins treading water, backing away as fast as he can, waving his arm in the air frantically -- "pick me up, quick...."

191 MIKE'S BOAT

MIKE
Doug's down!

He sails to where Doug is being carried along by the current. The inflatable is a mess -- shredded rubber and dead engine: the Shark didn't like it.

ANDY
Doug! This way!

Doug carefully -- oh, so carefully -- strokes over to where Mike and Andy can pull him abroad. Some of the others sail closer to get a look.

PATRICK
What was that about?

CONTINUED

191 CONTINUED

MARGE
You okay?

LUCY
What was that?

LARRY
So much for the rubber duck.

192 THE GROUP, DRIFTING TOGETHER

This incident hasn't yet touched them -- no one actually saw what it was, except Doug, who's never been serious about anything. Until now.

DOUG
A shark ate my boat.

BOB
Come on.

DOUG
I'm telling you, a goddamn shark ate my goddamn boat!

ANDY
If he liked your boat, I got some sneakers he'll love.

There's nervous laughter from all around as they examine the remains of Doug's inflatable. Some of those jagged rents could be made by teeth....

KIDS
(ad lib)
...Jeez -- what did that?... A porpoise, maybe...Nah, killer whale ...I think he snagged it...I hate to pop his balloon...Etc.

193 ANGLE ON MIKE'S BOAT

Doug's inflatable is draped over the tip of one hull, forward. Without warning, the Shark hits. Screams, terror, confusion. Mike, Andy, Jackie into the water.

194 CLOSE ON MIKE

His head bangs on a metal fitting as the boat turns over.

195 ON THE GROUP

Patrick and Lucy ram into Keith's boat, locking into it, knocking Keith into the water as Brooke screams.

196 thru 200 CONFUSION

As the following events take place:

-- Larry's red cat rams and locks onto Mike's Tornado.

-- Marge's boat capsizes, putting Sean and Marge into the drink.

-- Marge scrambles up on the over-turned hull, pulling Sean up with her, just in time.

-- Polo, under full sail, scoops Mike out of the water before the Shark can get to him.

-- The Shark dips out of sight.

201 SURFACE, WIDE OVER THE STERN OF POLO'S BOAT

showing the results of the turmoil:

202 ANGLE ON THE SURVIVORS

As they make ineffectual, frightened moves towards grouping together, Andy is the first to gain any composure.

ANDY
Raft up! Raft 'em up!

He reaches towards a drifting line, and pulls Timmy Doughdish towards them, tying it off as it comes close.

LARRY
Tie off to your strongest point.

PATRICK
Anyone need an extra line?

Polo has Mike and Timmy aboard his boat. Timmy is looking up from examining Mike's dazed body.

TIMMY
Mike's bleeding!

ANDY
Can you sail?

POLO
(testing his rudder)
Yeah! We'll take him in!

He starts to make sail back towards the lighthouse, on a sever

202 CONTINUED

but manageable tack. Polo, Timmy, and the injured Mike sail towards safety, leaving the others behind.

Tackle the job at hand, concentrating on survival. Jessie is strangely quiet; things are out of control....

CUT TO

203 CLOSE ON A NAUTICAL CHART - DAY

clearly marked: Amity Island, Amity Lighthouse, Cable Junction. Brody's nervous finger traces an approximation of his course. It fumbles, pauses, stops.

203-A ABOARD THE POLICE BOAT - DAY

Brody, looking up from his chart, scans the ocean. Ahead is the Lighthouse, his immediate destination. Out of sight to the right, Cable Junction, and beyond that, 2500 miles of cold Atlantic. Brody looks up from his chart, and grabs the radio.

BRODY
(on radio)
Amity Launch to Patrol Air Unit One. Harbor Air, where are you?

CHOPPER PILOT (v.o.)
(filter)
This is Air One. That you, Brody?

BRODY
It's me. Any fix on those Kids?

PILOT (v.o.)
Negative. I'm still down.

BRODY
For Christ's sake, get going! I'm all alone out here!

PILOT (v.o.)
Brody, I got to switch frequencies, call my boss. We'll meet you over by Francis Shoal. Harbor Air out....

BRODY
Where the hell is Francis Shoal?

Static. No answer. Brody realizes something ---

BRODY
I'm all alone out here.

CONTINUED

204 RUNBY

the Amity Police Boat, under full power, surging through the heavy swell, Brody very much alone at the helm.

205 EXT. OCEAN, NEAR THE LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

We can see Brody's boat approaching. It slows as it nears the island.

206 CLOSE ON BRODY

staring, perplexed. Which way?

BRODY
Shit.

He puts the wheel over, slewing the boat around. To the left -- the wrong way.

207 ANGLE ON THE BOAT, LIGHTHOUSE IN B.G.

It barrels off to the left.

DISSOLVE TO

208 THE RAFTED BOATS

floating in the current, drifting away from the lighthouse, towards the open sea. Floating on the wreckage and tangled boats are: Doug, Andy, Jackie, Patrick, Lucy, Larry, Bob, Brooke, Marge, and Sean.

LARRY
Anyone know what time it is?

DOUG
3:30.

MARGE
Damn!

Larry, Bob, Patrick, and Lucy (the practiced sailors) ad lib equal dissatisfaction.

JACKIE
What's wrong?

BROOKE
Tide doesn't turn for three hours.

CONTINUED

208 CONTINUED

DOUG
Low tide at Cable Junction is 7:46 p.m.

ANDY
What'd you do? Memorize the tide tables?

DOUG
I can't help it it sticks in my mind.

BROOKE
(making light of it)
Anyone want to play charades?

No one does.

PATRICK
As long as we're drifting, might as well go with the flow.

ANDY
Not funny.

PATRICK
Three knot current?

LUCY
At least. And an offshore wind.

SEAN
What's after Cable Junction?

BOB
The Atlantic. Then Ireland.

JACKIE
Can't we stop?

Silence from the group.

BROOKE
They're probably looking for us.

DOUG
What about the fish?

LARRY
Maybe it's gone.

DOUG
They tend to follow moving things. Maybe it's following Polo and Timmy.

208 CONTINUED - 2

They consider this.

BROOKE
So all we have to do is land at Cable Junction and wait.

PATRICK
First we got to get there.

LARRY
How're we going to do that floating on this garbage...?

BOB
Anyone got another set of sails?

The Kids scramble to rig whatever canvas is available.

SEAN
Is that big thing still out there?

MARGE
Shhhh.

CUT TO

209 HELICOPTER (AERIAL) FLY-BY

A panorama of open ocean; a quick fly-by to orient us: First, Cable Junction, then, a mile or so ahead, the raft.

210 THE RAFT

More sail, some improvised rigging, Patrick and Lucy trimming what there is, trying to steer the clumsy contraption. From afar, the distant sound of an approaching chopper.

LARRY
Hey!

BOB
(waving)
Over here!

The Kids react with enthusiasm to the arrival of the rescue chopper.

ANDY
Don't everyone jump around!

But they ignore him. The copter is descending.

211 INT. COPTER - DAY

A one-man light spotter; the space next to the pilot cluttered with tools and floats, lashed in place. Below, soon through the plastic bubble, the raft growing larger as the chopper sets down.

PILOT
Air One to Base. I have a positive location on that sailing party. Disabled and adrift...
(he checks chart on his knee board)
...about 3/4 miles west of Cable Junction, wind and current carrying them just about due east. I count ten juveniles.

212 THE RAFT

The helicopter is creating a lot of turbulence as it sets down, a huge circular pattern of prop-wash on the surface as the rotors slow to a halt. The Kids are waving and jubilant.

213 ANGLE ON THE COPTER

As the Pilot unbuckles, opens the door, and steps out on one pontoon; he speaks through a bullhorn.

PILOT
Everyone okay? Any injuries?

The Kids ad-lib in the affirmative.

ANDY
Can you put us on Cable Junction?

PILOT
I got no room for passengers.

ANDY
How about a tow? Can you rig that?

The Pilot nods. Larry heaves a line to him, the Pilot catches it and makes it fast to a convenient tie-off on the under-carriage.

LARRY
As soon as you get us on the island, you got to call in. My dad's the mayor....

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED

ANDY
(interrupting)
There's a shark....

The other Kids all chime in, adding their ad-lib shouts describing what happened, calling for help, etc. It's all a noisy jumble, the Pilot ignores it, trying to do his job.

214 ANGLE ON THE RAFT

The Kids all shouting at once; Jackie is screaming.

JACKIE
You have to take us off! You have to! Why don't you take us!

DOUG
(calming her)
It's an observation spotter, he doesn't have the room....

215 ANGLE ON THE PILOT

He finishes tying off, and yells through his bullhorn at the Kids.

PILOT
Listen. I'm going to give you an assist to get you on Cable Junction. Then I'll call in, and get the Coast Guard to send a cutter. Hang on to something.

He climbs into his bubble, shuts the door, gives the Kids a "thumbs up," and starts the engine.

216 QUICK CUTS - RAFT AND CHOPPER

Engine turning over.

A line tied off to one of the ringbolts on an overturned hull; it pulls taut out of the water.

Int. Chopper, the Pilot intent on his job.

The raft, Kids watching in fascination and anticipation.

The whole operation, getting under way.

217 UNDERWATER

looking up at pontoons, wreckage, wind turbulence on the surface, the heavy "thud-thud-thud" of chopper blades.

218 WIDE ON THE RAFT AND CHOPPER

In the f.g., the fin rises, and starts for the scene. Follow it.

219 CLOSE ON THE CHOPPER

as it starts to lift, inexplicably. The Pilot reacts as;

220 THE SHARK

attacks one of the pontoons, biting down on it, clamping great scarred jaws onto the bulbous floats.

221 THE RAFT

Kids screaming.

222 QUICK CUTS

-- Rotor blade spinning wildly.

-- Pilot's hands jerked on the delicate controls.

-- Med. shot, copter shaking.

-- Closeup engine and gas tanks, rotor head spinning.

-- Med. closeup Pilot in buffeting cockpit.

223 RAFT AND COPTER

The Kids watch, horror-stricken, as the giant Shark hangs on the roaring copter; in the b.g., Cable Junction is looming closer. The copter tilts dangerously, the Shark bites deeper, harder.

224 ANGLE ON THE COPTER

as it tilts. Then, the unspeakable -- the blades touch the water and explode. Chunks of murderous steel break off the shattered blades and whistle through the air like projectiles

225 THE KIDS

reacting, ducking in terror. Huge chunks of disintegrating rotors are flying all around. Masts and sails left standing before are chopped into a deadly salad. Screams:

226 LOW IN THE WATER

as blades skip and crash, the bubble of the overturned copter, Pilot trapped inside, sinks into the sea.

227 THE COPTER COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

Pilot struggling with his safety harness, trying to hit switches, working on instinct. Some air in the bubble, but water too, and sparks as electrical connections short out and burn.

Then, the Shark, powering out of the murk.

228 ANGLE ON THE PILOT - UNDERWATER

as grim death batters at his fragile bubble. Screaming. The bubble cracks. Water floods, teeth snap at the slippery plastic, the Pilot fumbles for oxygen as the Shark veers off into the murk.

229 ON THE SURFACE - THE RAFT

The Kids, reacting as the broken copter sink waves. Calm for a moment, then:

LARRY
Look out!

JACKIE
(screams)
No-o-o-o!

The Shark reappears, and batters at the raft.

230 SHARK ATTACK

The raft shudders, and begins to break up under the pounding. The Kids cling for their lives to masts and wreckage. Marge's overturned hull is struck a fierce blow from beneath.

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

SEAN
Help!

He and Marge topple into the water.

ANDY
Don't struggle!

Sean is bobbing in his life-vest, Marge strokes to be near him.

231 ANGLE ON MARGE AND SEAN

in the water, swimming for the apparent safety of the raft. Then, the fin, and the massive bulk of the Killer, heaving up through the waves,

MARGE
Sean!

She heaves him up out of the water, hurling him with desperation towards the safety of the floating hull.

232 ANGLE ON SEAN

screaming, hands and feet scrabbling like a monkey as he struggles for a grip on the slippery surface. Behind him Marge helping as much as she can from the water. Then, behind her;

233 THE SHARK

rising like grey doom, then dropping out of sight. Marge is gone.

234 UNDERWATER

Marge ducking under the bulk of the Shark with panicky reserves of strength, swimming away underwater, while the Shark takes a massive crunching bite cut of a submerged hull.

Follow Marge as she swims.

234-A COPTER WRECKAGE

Huddled in the cracked plastic bubble, the Pilot is sucking air from his oxygen tank. He sees Marge, and slips out of his bubble, headed for her.

234-B MARGE

as the Pilot overtakes her -- a moment of horror, as she thinks the Shark has found her, then relief, as the Pilot motions to the bubble, and indicates "Air." She follows him.

234-C MARGE AND THE PILOT

scuttling like two crabs into the shelter of the broken chopper, buddy breathing as he passes her the oxygen tube. The chopper tilts, and moves, breaking up on the bottom as currents move it. They struggle silently.

234-D ANGLE ON THE CHOPPER

as it slips across the bottom, the current pulling it, broken parts breaking off in slow motion, dirty swirls of oil and hydraulic fluid clouding the water.

CUT TO

234-E ON THE SURFACE - THE RAFT

A parallel struggle for survival, as the current separates Sean from the other Kids; Marge is gone, the little boy is clinging alone to the free-floating Lightening.

PATRICK
Sean! Sean!

ANDY
Don't move!

SEAN
Andy! Please help! Help!

234-F ON THE SURFACE - A DISTANCE AWAY

Copter wreckage is bubbling up from underneath, like a submarine destroyed by depth charges; an oil slick, pieces of broken blade, a seat cushion, then, suddenly, the Pilot, and Marge, almost choked to death, their air run out. They cling to a section of pontoon, panting, looking around with oxygen-starved eyes.

They are alone on the ocean; a half-mile away, the distant sails of the broken raft, and the low-lying shape of Cable Junction. Safe, for now....

CUT TO

235 BRODY - ALONE IN THE POLICE BOAT - DAY 2

He throttles down, and the boat slumps in the water. He looks around, sees nothing, in all directions. He hits his radio.

BRODY
Harbor Air, this is Brody. Air One, come in.

Static, no answer. He tries a couple of times, checking the knobs and dials to make sure the unit's working.

BRODY
Harbor Air, do you read? Over?

PATROL VOICE
Brody? This is Patrol Base.

The familiar voice is tinged with annoyance. He's had a long shift, and nothing's going right.

CONTINUED

235 CONTINUED

BRODY
Where the hell is Air One?

PATROL VOICE
That's what I'd like to know. Last transmission at Cable Junction.

BRODY
Did he raise the Kids?

PATROL VOICE
Last transmission said ten juve-niles.

BRODY
Yeah? Then what?

PATROL VOICE
Then nothing. If you see him, tell him to switch to an operational frequency, or give me a status report yourself.

BRODY
Did you say Cable Junction?

PATROL VOICE
That's what he said.

BRODY
When?

PATROL VOICE
1530 hours. Might still be there. Base out.

Brody revs up, and powers out, headed for Cable Junction.

CUT TO

236 EXT. OCEAN - DAY - THE RAFT

Sean is crying on his isolated perch, clinging to the upturned keel. The other Kids are throwing a rope, trying to get him back. Patrick heaves, and misses.

LARRY
Sean! Catch the rope!

BOB
The rope! The rope!

The others shoot fearful glances at the waters.

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED

PATRICK
He's got to help or it won't work.

LUCY
Sean, baby, please....

Sean is ignoring the efforts to rescue him, paralyzed by fear, he shivers alone. Jackie is near catatonia herself, Brooke and Doug trying to soothe her.

JACKIE
It killed her. It ate her.

BROOKE
Shh. Shhh....

DOUG
It's okay, it's okay....

ANDY
Sean! Listen! Listen to me, Sean.

The kid looks up dully.

ANDY
Goddamn it, Sean, you listen to me or I will kick your ass, do you hear me?

LUCY
Listen to Andy, Sean.

ANDY
We're throwing a rope and you better catch it, hear?

Sean nods. The other Kids are encouraged. The rope is thrown -- it misses.

ANDY
(to Bob)
Keep an eye out for that fish.

Bob climbs to a vantage point, watching.

LARRY
Throw it.

ANDY
Sean! Catch it!

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED - 2

Another miss. In his haste to help, Larry overreaches to fish the trailing rope out of the water, and falls headlong into the sea. Shrieks of fright from the others.

LUCY
Larry!

He scrambles out, hardly wet, that's how fast he's moving.

Finally -- Patrick takes the crucial throw, and the rope practically knocks Sean off his perch, but he clutches and holds it. As Andy carefully calls instructions, Sean secures the rope and the others carefully, carefully begin to pull him in.

237 ANGLE - ON SEAN

as they pull. The slippery rope is undoing itself.

238 THE RAFT

With the kids reaching out hands, sticks, rope, anything to pull the little one to safety. The ocean swells rise and fall with hidden menace.

239 QUICK CUTS

-- Hands gripping rope.

-- The knot, pulling apart.

-- Anguished faces, concentrating, as Patrick, Lucy, Larry, and Andy struggle to bring him in.

240 ANDY AND SEAN

Success! He's pulled to safety. They lash his little hull as tight as they can to the rest of the floating wreckage. Bob sees something.

BOB
Cable Junction's ahead!

LUCY
Can we make it?

BOB
I don't know.

241 BOB'S POINT OF VIEW

looking over the wreckage to Cable Junction, now much closer. Beyond it, miles of empty Atlantic. It's off to one side, and unless they can slow down or alter course, they will miss it.

242 THE RAFT

LARRY
(to Jackie)
You okay?

She's not. Shaking, silent, eyes glazed.

LUCY
(alone)
Dear Jesus, Holy Mary, Mother of God, help us, please....
(her lips move inaudibly)

BROOKE
(to Doug)
Keep her warm.
(to Jackie)
Jackie? Baby?

PATRICK
Can someone help me rig a jury rudder? We might steer this....

Andy joins him, and they try to make a sweep or a rudder out of whatever wreckage they can use.

DOUG
By 7:46, when the tide turns around, we'll be twenty miles out. More, with this wind.

LARRY
Shut up.

DOUG
I can't stop thinking!

LUCY
(praying aloud)
God, please help us, Merciful Father, in Christ's name, we beg you, help us, please, Dear God, save us, help us, please, God, help....

CUT TO

243 BRODY'S POLICE BOAT - DAY

He is rounding a sand bar off the lighthouse when he looks ahead and sees the bright sails of some of the survivors' boats.

BRODY
Thank Christ.

He puts the helm over and heads for them.

CUT TO

244 EXT. OCEAN NEAR LIGHTHOUSE - DAY
NA

Polo's sloop is beating back towards the harbor when the police launch bears down, Brody leaning on the air horn. The Kids signal and wave.

POLO
Over here! Yo!

BRODY
I'm coming alongside!

The launch slows clumsily. Timmy gets a line around a cleat, and pulls them fast.

BRODY
Mike? Is that you?

MIKE
Pop. I'm sorry.

BRODY
It's okay. What happened?

POLO
A shark hit us out there.

TIMMY
Mike got knocked over.

Brody goes for his radio, to report in, to call for help.

MIKE
I passed out, but I'm okay.

BRODY
At least you're safe. What about the others?

CONTINUED

244 CONTINUED

The three boys look at each other.

BRODY
Jesus, don't freeze on me. What about the others?

MIKE
(tears in his eyes)
Sean's still out there.

BRODY
What?

He stops in his tracks, radio forgotten. Mike goes on, heartsick.

MIKE
He wanted to come. It was okay, wasn't it? It was okay before....

POLO
The others are rafted together. Drifting.

BRODY
Which way?

TIMMY
With the current. Towards Cable Junction.

Brody jerks the mooring line holding them together, freeing it. He starts for his controls, obsessed.

MIKE
Dad, I'm sorry....

BRODY
Stay here. Don't go anywhere. Just stay here.

He indicates the lighthouse, then guns his engine.

BRODY
Stay at the lighthouse!

He roars off, headed towards Cable Junction.

CUT TO

245 EXT. OCEAN - DAY - THE RAFT
NA

approaching Cable Junction the rafted boats are drifting towards the Cable Junction. Larry, Patrick and Andy are working on improvised tiller lines to a jury rudder made out of wreckage. Lucy has another line out to a sea anchor, trying to slow their drift.

ANDY
Bring her to port a little. That's it -- steady.

DOUG
I think we're changing course a little.

BROOKE
Can we land on it?

LUCY
If we can get to it.

JACKIE
We're going to die.

BROOKE
(comforting her)
It's all right, we're okay.

ANDY
More to port.

BOB
It's all the way over.

ANDY
Shit.

SEAN
Are we going to go on the island?

BROOKE
You bet, kiddo.

ANDY
(the realist)
I don't know.

LARRY
What the hell, we're steering for it.

DOUG
The wind drift is lateral.

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED
NA

LARRY
What's that mean?

DOUG
Sideways. For every yard we go this way, we also slide sideways this way....

His hands illustrate the predicament.

LUCY
But we had it! We were headed right for it!

ANDY
Shit. Shit, shit, shit!

JACKIE
We're going to miss it!

The others are silent. It's true.

246 ANGLE ON THE RAFT
NA

Larry, Bob and Brooke try to alter its course by paddling.

ANDY
Don't!

DOUG
Stop paddling!

LUCY
But the island!

ANDY
The Shark.

They freeze, as the raft grinds against something.

247 UNDERWATER
NA

The inverted mast of one of the wrecked boats is snagged on the rocks on the bottom.

248 ANGLE ON THE RAFT
NA

as it slows, then stops, hung up from below.

CONTINUED

248 CONTINUED
NA

BROOKE
What is it?

ANDY
We're hung up on something.

DOUG
Maybe the bottom.

JACKIE
(hysteria)
It's that thing. It's going to kill us now...We're going to die!

LARRY
Shut up! Just shut up!

BROOKE
Leave her alone!

BOB
Lighten up, man....

PATRICK
She's hysterical, goddamnit!

LARRY
It's bad enough without her freaking out.

LUCY
Don't yell at her!

The group dissolves in bitter exchanges. No one is rational. Lucy is the first to notice something....

LUCY
Wait a minute! Listen! Listen!

The group subsides; only Jackie is left, keening to herself. There's a distant sound of a boat's engine. Bob spots it first, and waves. The others follow his pointing finger.

BOB
Over there! Coming this way!

249 OMITTED

250 HIS POINT OF VIEW - BRODY'S POLICE BOAT
NA

under full power, heading straight for them.

251 THE KIDS
NA

go crazy, waving, yelling, screaming, "Over here!" "Help!" "Hey!"

251 CONTINUED
NA

SEAN
It's Dad!

252 ANGLE ON BRODY AND THE RAFT
NA

in the boat, coming up on the Kids fast. He throttles back, his bow wave almost swamping them as he slides past.

252 CONTINUED.
NA

ANDY
Easy, easy -- you'll swamp us!

DOUG
Back down!

Brody fumbles with the throttle, manages to hold his boat steady between the raft and Cable Junction island.

LARRY
We're hung up here. Snagged.

BOB
Can you get us a line?

Brody finds a coil of line, makes one end fast, then throws it to the Kids on the raft. They catch it, and tie it off to a cleat.

DOUG
We got it!

PATRICK
Go ahead, slow.

LUCY
Be careful.

Brody throttles forward, the police boat shudders under the strain as the line goes taut.

253 ANGLE ON THE RAFT
NA

where the rope is tied off to a cleat. The wood groans, screws pop ---

ANDY
Whoa!

Too late. The cleat rips out, Brody's boat leaps forward.

DOUG
Come around again!

254 ANGLE ON BRODY'S BOAT
NA

as he repositions; he's now between the raft and the island, preparing to throw his line. He heaves, the Kids grab, they have it, they tie off again.

ANDY
Hang on, hang on -- we got it.
You're on!

CONTINUED

254 CONTINUED
NA

SEAN
Dad! Help!

Brody starts to pull the raft again, when:

255 THE SHARK
NA

surfaces, and moves purposefully towards the gap that separates the police boat from the raft. It lunges at Brody as it passes the launch; the fin hits the taut rescue line, snapping it.

256 ANGLE ON BRODY'S BOAT
NA

Brody recoils in horror as the beast rushes past, he spins the wheel and hits the throttle, sending the launch hard to port. Out of control, it runs up on the rocks of Cable Junction

257 INSIDE THE BOAT
NA

as it tips up on the rocks. Brody falls, equipment and loose material breaks loose and falls.

258 INSERT - THE RADIO
NA

held by only a few screws, it pulls out of its mount and shatters on the deck.

259 ANGLE ON THE STERN
NA

lifting high out of the water, the screw turning in air.

260 THE KIDS ON THE RAFT
NA

Their horrified reactions.

261 BRODY IN THE BOAT
NA

picks himself up, and staggers to the rail, sees his predicament.

BRODY
Hang on!

SEAN
Dad! Dad!

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED

BRODY
I'm okay, baby, I'm here. It's okay....

He climbs over the rail, onto the slippery wet rocks, trying to get to where he can help. The Shark patrols the gap, waiting.

BRODY
Can you get a line to me?

262 ABOARD THE RAFT
NA

the Kids find some line. Andy coils, and throws.

263 CABLE JUNCTION - THE RAFT
NA

Brody catches the Kids' line. He heaves on it with all his might. Nothing. Jackie is hysterical, some of the other Kids are screaming. The Shark's fin catches the taut line, it slides up and over, Brody and the Kids are nearly pulled into the water. The raft doesn't budge.

264 UNDERWATER
NA

the mast bends under the strain, but holds the raft stuck fast

265 CABLE JUNCTION - BRODY AND THE KIDS
NA

He sees the winch and hooks on his launch, and makes the towline fast to the steel winch cable; puts it in neutral. The Kids haul their line, trying to bring the steel cable to them.

The Shark rams their raft, impatient now. Screams and scrambling as they let go their line and try to avoid the beast. Brooke huddles with Sean, Jackie cowers alone. Larry is lashing his big buck knife to a pole, an improvised weapon

266 ANGLE ON THE WINCH LINE
NA

Unattended, it drops into the water.

267 THE KIDS
NA

ANDY
Get the cable in! Pull!!

They do, but now the winch cable is snagged under the surface. It comes taut, but doesn't budge. Brody watches, helpless for the moment.

BRODY
Son of a bitch is stuck!

268 BRODY
NA

climbs back onto the boat, starts the winch engine, trying to pull the cable free.

269 THE SHARK
NA

on the offensive now, takes an outrigger pontoon, biting it, tearing it off the raft, shaking everything.

270 ON THE RAFT
NA

the Kids react to this fresh attack.

DOUG
It's killing us!

JACKIE
I don't want to die! Mommy!

271 IN THE BOAT
NA

The winch smokes and stalls, the weight it's pulling almost too much.

BRODY
Come on, you bastard, come on, pull. Pull!

272 THE RAFT
NA

bursts apart from the center as the Shark lunges up through the canvas trampoline of the sizzler. The Kids, screaming, fall into the water as the attack forces the fragile structure into pieces. Only Sean, Brooke, and Jackie are left on the remaining segment.

272-A ANGLE ON BRODY

watching the destruction, seeing Sean practically alone in the water.

BRODY
Sean! Hang on!

He looks around the deck frantically, spots a rubber emergency inflatable in its case. He wrestles it off its brackets and breaks the seals urgently. He hits the auto-inflate.

272-B BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW - SEAN

alone on the raft, Brooke and Jackie helpless nearby, the other Kids flailing in the water. The huge bulk of the Shark, fin cutting the water as it closes in on the confusion.

273 OMITTED

274 IN THE WATER

While Brody inflates the rubber raft and throws it in the water, the Kids scramble for safety, swimming for their lives. Each one is sure this moment is going to be his last.

ANDY
Get on the rocks!

DOUG
Swim for it!

Andy is pulling himself towards the boat, scrambling up on the exposed wooden hull.

PATRICK
Lucy! Look out!

275 ANGLE ON LUCY AND BOB

As she looks over her shoulder and screams -- the monster is sliding past her, intent on Bob. The rough hide scrapes her, tearing her clothes, leaving raw bleeding lacerations on her torso.

LUCY
I'm bleeding!

Larry and Patrick help her towards the rocks.

CONTINUED

275 CONTINUED

BOB
Help!

He's clinging to a piece of broken boat; the Shark lunges at him.

276 INSERT - WINCH

grinding, smoking, hauling something out of the water -- heavy, slimy, dripping metal cable, the main powerline from the mainland!

277 BRODY IN THE WATER

paddling the raft towards Sean with desperate strokes, heedless of the danger around him.

BRODY
Hang on! Just hang on!

He fights to see in the gathering gloom. Suddenly, a strange glare snaps on, then more illumination, in a series of escalating clicks.

277-A CABLE JUNCTION

silhouetted against the evening sky. Automatic timers are turning on navigation and worklights, illuminating the barren rocks and rusty steel with their glare -- throwing dark shadows, putting the surrounding water into black limbo by their contract.

278 ANGLE ON BRODY

straining to see what's going on. Looking for his son.

SEAN (o.s.)
Dad! Help! Daddy!

BRODY
I'm coming!

He looks around desperately, sees Andy safe on the launch.

BRODY
Andy! Use the lights! The lights!

278-A ANGLE ON ANDY

soaked, clinging to the rail of the launch, hearing Brody, fumbling in the cabin, turning on worklights, the boat throwing erratic shafts of powerful light from its many lamps and searchlights. Andy grabs one and sweeps the water with it, trying to help.

ANDY
Where are you? Chief!

His light pokes and sweeps through the gloom.

278-B BRODY IN THE WATER

He hears the horrendous sounds of wood and metal breaking, as the raft pounds to pieces on the rocks. He is blinded by the sweeping searchlight, the confusion of terror-stricken teen-agers screaming. It's the middle of The Inferno.

278-C BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW - SEAN

Sean, standing up, reaching out to him, the Shark hitting his fragile perch, Sean tumbling backwards, towards what seems to be certain death.

BRODY (o.s.)
Sean!

278-D ANGLE ON BRODY

as he hurls his paddle at the Shark, anything to get even, to distract it.

BRODY
You bastard!

He looks around him wildly, searching for a weapon, finding a steel boat hook. He screams at the unfeeling Shark....

BRODY
Come here, you son-of-a-bitch!

The huge gray hulk obligingly turns towards this new irritation. Brody bangs on the raft, yelling, creating a commotion. The Shark speeds towards him.

279 THE SHARK

lunges at the raft, Brody sliding desperately away, smashing at the snout with his steel, the tail fin bashing him as it passes....

279-A ANGLE ON THE STERN OF THE POLICE BOAT 279

Brody is drifting close to the cable, drawn heavy and wet out of the water. He reaches up to it.

279-B ANGLE ON BRODY 279

dangling his feet in the water, holding onto the cable, seeing it, inspired with a lunatic idea....

BRODY
Over here! You bastard! Over here!

280 THE SHARK

turns, bleeding from a superficial cut on its snout, its scar glistening wet and terrible. It heads for Brody.

280-A BRODY 280

possessed, yelling at the top of his lungs.

BRODY
Come and get me! Come and get me!

280-B THE SHARK 280

attacking. Missing Brody, who hauls himself up out of the way in life-or-death spasm. The great jaws close, fastening onto the thick cable. Shaking it. The cable resists for a moment, then splits, layers of insulation and armor crack open, the jaws clamp harder -- 20,000 tons of pressure -- then the live copper core is reached. Zap!

281 THE SHARK

dying. Leaping and convulsing as hundreds of thousands of volts surge through its body, grounded in the salt sea. Hot white fire shimmers like a halo, the fish smokes and stinks, sputters, and dies.

282 BRODY

watching, cowering on the rubber raft to which he fell when the Shark hit the cable. It's strangely silent. The lights on Cable Junction flicker and die as circuit breakers shut down the mains, protecting the line. Only the boat's work-lights provide light now.

CONTINUED

282 CONTINUED

BRODY
Sean?

No answer. Water lapping at the rocks, some Kids sobbing quietly. Brody listlessly paddles towards the wreckage of the raft, expecting the worst....

282-A ANGLE ON THE WRECKAGE

Timmy's Doughdish, where we last saw Sean. There's a scrabbling sound from inside, and Sean appers, soaked, from under the seat where he'd fallen.

SEAN
Dad?

Brody moves towards him, holds out his arms, taking Sean onto his raft. They paddle back towards the rocks.

283 THE ISLAND

with the Kids clinging like drowned rats to the rocks; they're wet, scared, exhausted, but safe. Sean hugs his daddy as they step onto land.

SEAN
They made me go with them.

BRODY
Sure they did....

He kisses the damp forehead.

DISSOLVE TO

284 EXT. AMITY HARBOR - DAY

A crowd of worried parents and adults, Ellen and Hendricks in the forefront, are staring towards the harbor mouth. It's dawn, and the sun is rising. They see something, a cheer goes up.

285 ANGLE ON THE WATER

A big Coast Guard cutter is steaming into the harbor, a little group of survivors on the foredeck.

286 CLOSE ON THE CUTTER

Brody and the surviving Kids wave to their families on land.

FADE OUT

ROLL END CREDITS.